Bombing Empty Holes *Peter J. Ognibene*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—May 12, 1973, 50 cents

The President Buys Time—*The Editors*
The Moveable War—*Tad Szulc*
It's a Gas—*Ralph Nader*
Godspell—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Vonnegut's New Novel—*J. D. O'Hara*
Doris Lessing—*Doris Grumbach*
Melville's "Encantadas"—*Louis Coxe*
Something but the Truth—*John Osborne*
Pigeons on the Grass, Alas—*TRB*

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On December 7th, the Civil Aeronautics Board Abolished Youth Fares. Please cut out and mail the letter below to let Congress know where we stand and that proper legislation is in order to correct this injustice now!

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Dear Congressman:

Please take action to save the Youth Fares and Discount Fares which have recently been abolished by the Civil Aeronautics Board.

I would appreciate it if you would also write the CAB and request that they delay enforcement of this decision until Congress has an opportunity to act on this important question.

Some 5-million students traveled using this discount fare in the past year. This contributed over $400-million to cover fixed costs of the airlines. These carriers can be presumed to have a full grasp of the marketing considerations involved and are, at least, as interested as the CAB in dropping any useless discount fares. Yet, an overwhelming majority of the airlines who participated in the CAB investigation are in favor of these fares.

Millions of students have purchased their Youth Fare identification cards with the belief that the cards would be valid until their 22nd birthday. Now the cards are being abruptly cut off by the CAB's decision.

As one of millions of young voters, I respectfully request that you act to pass legislation that will allow the CAB to discriminate on the basis of age by keeping Youth Fares. I will be anxiously awaiting the results of the coming legislation concerning this matter.

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CRADF

(Coalition To Retain Air Discount Fares)
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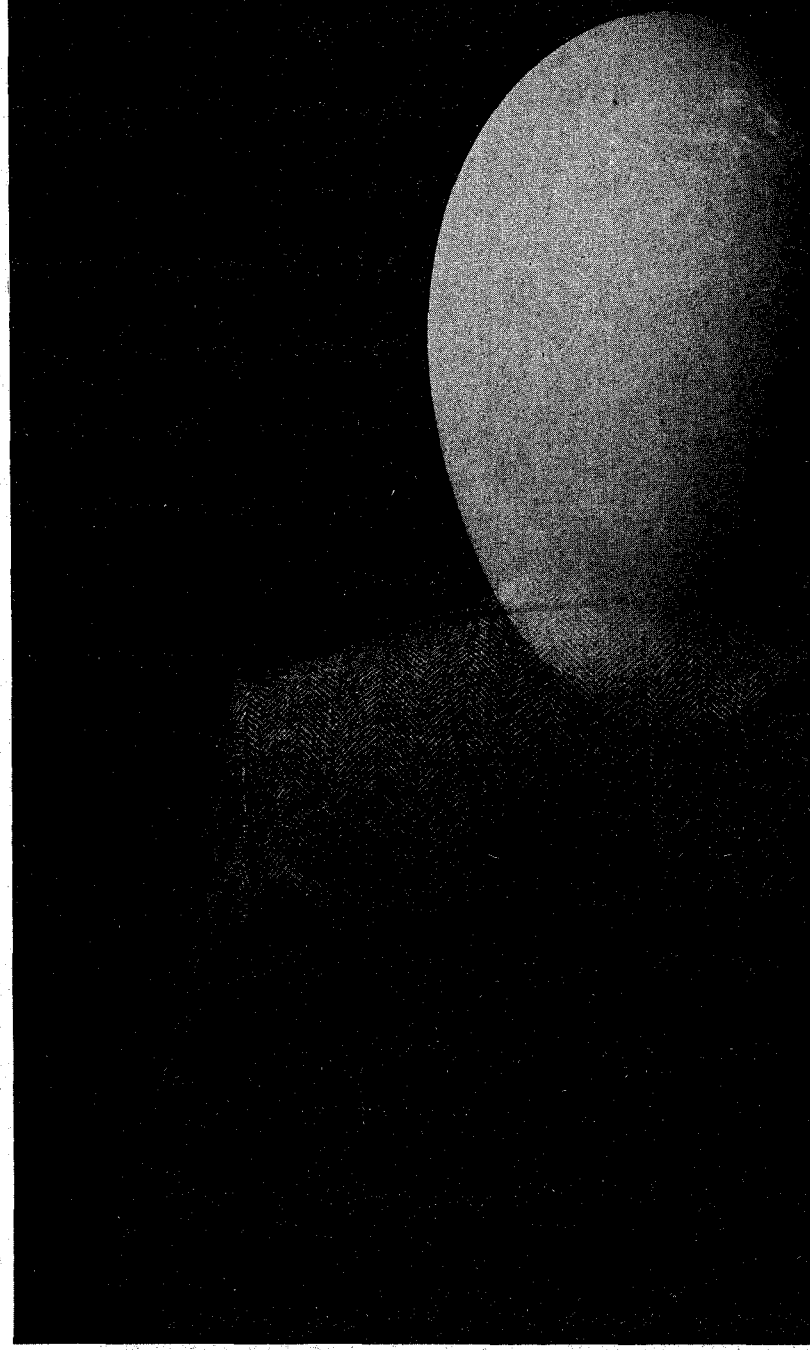

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TRB

from Washington
May 12, 1973

Pigeons on the Grass, Alas

I open the brown paper bag on a bench: chocolate milk shake, oatmeal cookies and liverwurst on dark to go with two straws and paper napkins. The world was never lovelier. A congregation of pigeons, starlings, sparrows panhandle crumbs from a woman by the fountain, but it is 3:00 now and only two people are lying in the grass—grass thick enough to bounce on. Endless buses roll down Pennsylvania Avenue. A couple of pigeons waddle by me, cooing and thinking about setting up housekeeping on General Jackson's caracoling statue. It is fragrant, sensuous. Fountains plash, the horsechestnut has candle plumes. A little girl, just learning to walk, moves like Charlie Chaplin and throws her arms about in sheer excess of life. It is hard to turn from her to the colonnaded White House across the way with the peak of the Monument showing behind and the endless buses rolling past.

Only four months ago we shivered as the inaugural floats trundled by the reviewing stand across the way there over the sidewalks, with the jammed grandstands joyous as a football crowd. And last night in the executive wing over there behind the iron rails, after his I-am-responsible TV speech, the President looked in for a minute at the press room, furnished as impersonally as the foyer of a middle-class motel, with its lectern at one end.

Nobody expected him; there were about 40 angry still photographers who had been kept out of the projection room, and maybe eight or 10 lounging reporters, and the loudspeaker hadn't even been snapped on or the movie lights.

Normally when he comes in somebody jumps ahead with the circular seal, President of the United States, and hangs it quickly on the stand like a picture and then somebody comes in and intones, "the President of the United States" and you mentally hear the band striking up "Hail to the Chief." But this time he just slipped in and it was so dark the light meters only read four foot-candles. A foot-candle?—I don't know, it's cameramen's jargon, but in the shade on a sunny day it might run to 250, and under your desk it would be 64. It was almost dark and you could barely see his features.

The pancake makeup was beginning to streak, and he had just finished his pray-for-me exhortation to the nation, and God blessed them, and here he was giving an appearance husky and emotional to the press, and immediately thereafter slipping away in the dark just like that, though a couple of cameramen with fast strobe lights caught his gaunt look.

A pigeon walks greedily about my bench and looks up at me and says, "You damn skin-flint, give me a piece of that liverwurst," but I know that if I do he will tell the others and it will be worse than shopping in Calcutta among loincloth beggars. The White House is calm and beautiful. All that is wrong with it is inside.

Or is that fair? We give the man inside an impossible job; he must be monarch and political boss at the same time. The two are incompatible. So we complain.

Now we have a crisis. The administration is discredited, but we must live with it for three years. No other democracy works like that; they all have escape hatches: a new election, a referendum, a mandate, and start over. We have 18th-century separation of powers and a rigid fixed term, unlike Canada, for instance. People say, don't rock the boat, he is the only President you have, which is like saying, trust the pilot even though he has blackout spells.

It is a warm Potomac day, with the sun just breaking through. Three months ago he stood at the peak of power, an unprecedented landslide, a Gallup poll rating of 68 percent, but he emerged from his triumph with a chip on his shoulder, and instead of healing wounds was inflicting new ones, implying that his war critics had wanted to "abandon" the POWs. And so we wrote three months after the election, "He has an immense majority; can he govern?"

There is more and more doubt of it, unhappily. There is this war in Cambodia with 150,000 tons of bombs dropped since the supposed peace. On what authority is war waged? William H. Sullivan of the State Department explains, "For now, I'd just say the justification is the reelection of President Nixon." Secretary of State Bill Rogers has re-cast the thought but what it amounts to is Mr. Nixon's say-so, under our Queen Bee form of government. There are sardonic twists as when a navy trainload of bombs explodes at Roseville, California. What a shame to endanger a fine American community; the bombs are intended, of course, for the little brown men of Cambodia, and it is a terrible tragedy that this cruel accident should occur. No napalm, fortunately; the fiery petroleum jelly is arriving safe and sound in Asia for its intended victims there.

Here is another crumb for the birds before I leave. The old pigeon grabs it and here comes another, and another. Across the avenue in the White House strange things are happening. The fountain splashes serenely outside. Inside, the administration that suddenly declared all its previous disclaimers on Watergate are "inoperative" has now put temporary round-the-clock FBI guards in the offices to see that no Watergate-related files disappear as Mr. Nixon's trusted lieutenants depart. One of them, it now turns out, knew that his conspirator agents had burglarized Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. But don't be alarmed; Ehrlichman wasn't informed til *after* the burglary, and he told them "not to do it again."

Probably the most serious crisis before the country right now is economic. By a miracle of bad timing the administration dropped Phase II controls for Phase III voluntarism January 11, just at the wrong moment, and the stock market has been going in yo-yo-like ups and downs since. The administration has given us two devaluations, a recession and now a hectic boom that could become a bust. It sold grain to Moscow at giveaway prices. A tax increase, through tax reform or surtax, would sop up inflationary excess spending but Mr. Nixon has painted himself into a corner against tax increase and his economic advisers have a doctrinaire devotion to a free market. So well, here's the last of the sandwich, birds; what a flock; now to get back to the AP ticker again; there's sure to be some new sensation.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 168, No. 19, Issue 3044, May 12, 1973. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, August 4 and August 25) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1973 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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The President Buys Time

The President's April 30 television performance was only the latest in a line of carefully drafted, deceptive "explanations" that began to flow from the White House and the Committee for the Re-election of the President within days after five men were arrested inside Democratic Party headquarters in the Watergate building. Some of the President's most conservative supporters had been urging him to say it wasn't so. He could not do that. He could only plead ignorance and accept responsibility. But responsibility for what? His ignorance?

A heart string was plucked when Mr. Nixon mentioned that on the day of the Watergate arrests, June 17 last year, he was "in Florida trying to get a few days' rest after my visit to Moscow." In truth he had returned from the Moscow trip June 2 and had already taken "a few days' rest" in Florida before flying to Key Biscayne again June 16. Then, solemnly, he told his audience, "I was appalled at this senseless, illegal action and I was shocked to learn that employees of the re-election committee were apparently among those guilty." Delayed shock. On June 19 Mr. Nixon's press secretary, Ron Ziegler, announced in response to questions, "I am not going to comment from the White House on a third-rate burglary attempt." The descriptive word around the White House then and for some time later for Watergate was a "caper."

We are now informed, however, that on learning of the break-in, Mr. Nixon "immediately ordered an investigation by appropriate government authorities." In truth the FBI had entered the case hours after the burglars were discovered and well before news reports were out—a fact worth noting since the President says he first learned of the Watergate "from news reports." Former acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III testified at his Senate confirmation hearings that *he* ordered a full investigation the afternoon of June 17. He never mentioned any order from the President. By "appropriate government authorities," does the President have in mind the investigation run by former presidential counsel John Wesley Dean III? We doubt it.

Mr. Nixon's toughest problem is persuading the public he knew nothing of his staff's complicity in the political espionage and sabotage—before or after the Watergate arrests. "As the investigation went forward," he said on April 30, "I repeatedly asked *those* conducting the investigation whether there was any reason to believe

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that members of my administration were in any way involved." Was John Mitchell a "member of his administration"? Mitchell at the time of Watergate was Nixon's campaign director, and has since stated that, while attorney general, he sat in on three meetings at which political espionage, sabotage and wiretapping were discussed (he says he opposed the latter). When he resigned as campaign manager, did he fail to share his knowledge with the President? Was he asked to do so? Was it just chance that the President, on August 29, "categorically" absolving anyone on the White House staff or in the administration from blame, added "presently employed"?

Acting FBI Director Gray was conducting an investigation. Was he one of *those* consulted? Gray testified he never spoke with the President. Yet it was the FBI investigative material leaked to *Washington Post* newsmen that formed the stories linking administration and White House aides to Watergate. Did *those* not include Dean, who was reading FBI reports and thus could verify the truth of the news stories? The President said the other night, ". . . because I believed the reports I was getting, because I had faith in the *persons* [who else beside Dean?] from whom I was getting them, I discounted the stories in the press . . ."

How much else did he discount? An FBI interview last September with Nixon's former personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, linking White House appointments secretary Dwight Chapin to political saboteur Donald Segretti, was given to *The Washington Post* and *Time* magazine and published October 15. Chapin denied the story. On March 1 this year acting FBI Director Gray produced a summary of the Kalmbach FBI interview confirming the previously printed stories. Nevertheless, at a subsequent news conference, the President implied that his personal lawyer's statement represented "charges . . . hearsay . . . guilt by innuendo." In short Mr. Nixon repeatedly refused to acknowledge facts, even when officially presented to him in an FBI report—hardly the attitude of a man searching for the whole truth but misled by others.

Toward the end of his April 30 talk, the President sought to dull the sharp edges of espionage and sabotage by calling them "shady tactics" adopted by "well-intentioned people" who, "under the intensive pressures of a campaign" decide "that what is at stake is of such importance to the nation that the end justifies the means." At another point he equated Republican violations of law to "ugly mob violence and other inexcusable campaign tactics . . . in the past including those that may have been a response by one side to the excesses or expected excesses of the other side . . . Both of our great parties have been guilty of such tactics." These may have been the justifications his aides gave him for condoning or even planning what occurred in 1972, but there is no evidence that the Democrats did anything to match it. This spreading scandal is not simply a commonplace example of the cynicism we have come to associate with the word "politician." It is a Republican scandal, a White House scandal. The public and the democratic process have been slapped in the face by Republicans who behaved not only improperly but criminally. And the President adds to the insult by his suggestion that the Ervin Select Committee should "conduct its investigation in an even-handed way, going into charges against both candidates, both political parties."

This urge to bring the Democrats into the Watergate by the back door came to the fore with the President's lofty appeal to "all of you everywhere—to join in working toward a new set of standards, new rules and procedures to insure that future elections will be as nearly free of such abuses as they possibly can be made." No new standards, rules or procedures are needed. What is needed is tough, non-partisan investigation and enforcement of present law. While the President was asking for new election laws, the General Accounting Office was for the fourth time since August of last year releasing a report urging the United States attorney general "in the strongest terms to take the initiative with regard to these reported violations of the Federal Election Campaign Act and with the investigative resources available to his department, determine the full extent to which officials of the Committee to Re-elect the President may have failed in their responsibilities under the Act in their dealings in cash funds." The President ought to read the GAO report which details the refusal to cooperate of present and past employees of the President's reelection committee. Some of those committee officials would not even meet with GAO investigators.

While waiting for the grand jury to act and the Ervin committee hearings to unfold, the Congress does not have to sit on its hands. It can give the GAO subpoena power and authority to enforce the election campaign act. Or it can set up a federal elections commission as an independent agency, one that could assume the GAO's responsibilities under the Federal Election Campaign Act for receiving campaign fund reports, reviewing them and investigating discrepancies or allegations of improprieties. Such a commission could be empowered to hold immediate public hearings on allegations, subpoena witnesses and information and take testimony under oath.

It was through control of the FBI investigation, the Department of Justice and therefore the Federal prosecutors that the White House was able not only to delay a trial in the Watergate arrests until the 1972 campaign was over, but also to cover up the full extent of the sabotage and espionage and shield key men who were involved. An independent, hopefully non-partisan but at least bipartisan election commission with authority and power to act immediately—while the campaign is on—could serve as a deterrent to future scoundrels.

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How to Retire at 33

The movement to reform the private pension system, like welfare, auto and life insurance reform, doesn't have the support of any large group outside government. Certainly the businesses that pay for them aren't excited about putting minimum standards under their pension plans. Until now private pension funds have remained relatively free from federal interference, except for the few laws that deal with minimum funding levels to prevent bankruptcy and lax disclosure laws covering trustees. Pension plans have been run voluntarily in this country, sometimes initiated by companies hoping to attract reliable workers, sometimes begun by unions demanding retirement benefits for their members. And because of this cooperation labor leaders and businessmen have been content to keep pension fights within the family.

Seven years ago Senator Jacob Javits (R, NY) began investigating the pension system and in 1967 introduced the first pension reform bill. Last year he was joined by Senator Harrison Williams (D, NJ) in a bill descended from his original that for the first time would place federal standards over this voluntary system.

Javits found that although pension plans were meeting the minimum requirements of the law and satisfying the desires of union leaders, they were not coming through with the benefits they seemed to promise. The Senate Labor Committee held hearings to publicize this widespread failure and came up with statistics in 1971 showing that only four percent of a 6.9 million sample of pension participants since 1950 had received any retirement benefits. Elderly workers came before the committee to tell how they had worked 20 years or longer expecting to retire on a company pension, and then found themselves cut off at the last moment when a company shut down, or in some cases, when they were fired without explanation.

The labor unions eventually endorsed the Javits-Williams idea, the Steelworkers and United Auto Workers with enthusiasm, the AFL-CIO with reservations. By the end of last year there were at least 12 different bills proposing to reform the pension system. The Nixon administration submitted a plan in 1971, which has been slightly rewritten and reintroduced this year.

The Nixon proposal (two bills) and the Javits-Williams bill (S 4), along with two bills introduced by Representative John Dent (D, Pa.) in the House, are the most important before Congress. In addition to being the first written and most revised, the Javits-Williams bill sets the highest standards. Under it all pension plans would be registered with the secretary of Labor, who would enforce a new minimum benefit scheme for all pension enrollees. The key element of any program is the point of vesting—the age or length of service after which an employee is guaranteed some reward or retirement. Under the Javits-Williams bill, vesting would take place after eight years of service, counting from age 25. If the employee left the job at this point, he would receive 30 percent of the promised reward at retirement. Each year of service after that would increase his share by 10 percent, so that after 15 years he would be guaranteed the full pension. This means that an employee could quit with a pension of 30 percent no sooner than his 33rd birthday, and with a full pension no sooner than his 40th.

The Dent proposal would grant full vesting after 10 years of service, counting from age 30; no one under 40 could collect. It would permit the employer to count only unbroken service, while the Javits-Williams bill would give credit for cumulative service, regardless of breaks in employment. The Nixon bill, reintroduced on April 11, is more lenient on employers than either of the others. It proposes a "rule of 50" whereby the employee would receive vesting in half of his pension when his age and length of service total 50. He would earn the full pension in the following five years. Thus, under the Nixon plan, a 30-year-old worker would have to work for the same employer for 20 years before he could claim half his pension, and he could claim the other half after five more years, at age 55. On the other hand, an aging worker hired at 50 would have to work only five years to get his full pension.

Any decision to enact pension standards is bound to make it more difficult for old people to find jobs, but the Nixon "rule of 50" is clearly the most pernicious. It puts the full burden of pension support on the last employer, so that the incentive would be greater than ever before for companies to avoid hiring the elderly.

Last September the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee unanimously voted out the Javits-Williams bill, hoping the Senate would vote on it before the election. But one week afterward the Finance Committee—which is blamed for killing welfare reform—claimed jurisdiction. When the bill was reported out, it had been stripped of everything but its financial and insurance requirements, the most popular sections, which Javits and Williams hoped would carry the controversial sections through Congress. The bill never came to a vote. Once again this year the Labor Committee has sent out the bill with unanimous support, and the Finance Committee is preparing to make its claim. Finance has already taken possession of Nixon's pension bill, and when the opportunity arises the committee will ask for the others as well.

The first series of Finance Committee hearings on pension reform should begin in late May, followed by field hearings and the final mark-up for a vote in midsummer. The conservative majority on the committee would like to change the section of Javits-Williams that gives enforcement power to the Labor Department. Russell Long, chairman of the committee, is thought to favor the administration approach, which operates through the Internal Revenue Service by

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granting tax breaks and then threatening to revoke them. A much weaker system of enforcement, this would mean that any pension plan failing to meet federal standards would lose its tax-free status. Besides being difficult to invoke, this punishment would hurt the pensioners more than the fund managers.

The Javits-Williams bill may run into trouble from another side this year if a pension plan offered by Ralph Nader wins enough friends in the Senate. Nader has drawn up a drastic scheme that begins by abolishing the entire $150 billion private pension system. He would have the government replace it with a "limited number of private competitive, cooperative, insured institutions to be licensed and regulated by the Securities and Exchange Commission. These institutions would be empowered to receive contributions made by employers for their employees and by employees and self-employed persons for themselves and their dependent spouses." The money would accumulate over the years until the worker and dependent spouse cash in, after which they would draw regular payments until death, according to what they'd contributed. This wouldn't necessarily happen overnight, but possibly over a 30-year span during which each new generation of workers would be folded into the system.

It's a neat scheme that does away with many of the complexities and flaws in bills now being considered by Congress. It would cost less to administer than the present system or proposed reforms, and it would make it easier for small businesses and high-turnover industries to offer pensions. Every worker would be vested from the first day of work simply by opening an account in one of the pension funds. There would be no "portability" problem either, since every worker would take his pension with him from job to job. Finally Nader claims this plan would extend pension rights to about 30 million workers who now aren't eligible. (This is all explained in a book by Nader and Kate Blackwell called *Your Pension and You*.)

There are several practical questions one might ask of the Nader plan, such as who wants it and who will pay for it? The unions haven't shown any interest, and a UAW official responded typically that it "doesn't meet our needs at all." Union opposition may have something to do with the fact that Nader wants to take pension funds completely out of union jurisdiction. The National Council of Senior Citizens feels the Nader idea is "a bit too pure" to be of any use. And the pension industry has an obvious interest in self-preservation that makes Nader's idea unacceptable. So far Abraham Ribicoff (D, Conn.) is the only senator to endorse it, proposing that it be used to replace a section of the Javits-Williams bill dealing with pensionless workers. Nader's pension attorney Karen Ferguson says, however, that the plan will be introduced as a bill in its own right very soon, but she cannot say by whom.

Public Employees

Union organizing in private industry is moribund. Present membership (20 million) represents only 28 percent of the working force, down from a 1955 high of 33.2 percent. By contrast the campaign to organize 13.5 million government workers around the country is moving along briskly under the leadership of the Coalition of American Public Employees, consisting of the 1.2 million-member National Education Association, the AFL-CIO's 600,000-member American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) and the International Association of Fire Fighters (IAFF), also part of AFL-CIO, with 110,000 members. The coalition is preparing to lobby for federal guidelines for collective bargaining by government workers, their right to strike, repeal of the Hatch Act and similar state laws prohibiting political campaigning, repeal of government pension fund regulations that allow a government worker's retirement income to be taxed twice, and "adequate financing" of government operations and services.

The coalition is the brainchild of Jerry Wurf, president of AFSCME, who in 1970 asked for and was given the authority by his union to affiliate with other public employee unions. Letters were sent out and a warm reply received from the NEA, which represents almost four-fifths of the nation's school teachers. Negotiations between the NEA and AFSCME led to formation of the coalition in March 1971. A few months later the administration gave it a boost by imposing a wage freeze. Because many teachers are on a September to August fiscal year, the freeze was particularly painful where new contracts were about to go into effect.

AFSCME membership has grown 150 percent since 1960 and continues to grow at the rate of 1,000 per week. The union has organized about one-third of the nonmanagerial government workers in the country, doing it without benefit of the National Labor Relations Act, which formally recognizes and sets guidelines for organizing in private industry. If the coalition wins an equivalent law for its members or can bring them in under the NLRB, it will be open season on government workers, and every union in the country will try to organize them. The Teamsters are already going after such groups as the police.

The National Education Association brings a set of unresolved issues to the coalition, however. For the past 10 years the NEA has been fighting with the American Federation of Teachers (275,000 members) for exclusive representation of 2.1 million teachers. In the early '60s the conflict was muted because the NEA was a sleepy "professional" organization which shunned trade unionism's traditional rhetoric and tactics, and the AFT was an equally powerless and much smaller union trying to recover from years of "Red" smears. Then Albert Shanker, a Queens mathematics teacher, and David Selden, the current presi-

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dent of the AFT, won the right for the union to represent New York City's 45,000 teachers, and in succeeding years the AFT won representation rights in other cities and larger and larger wage increases. The AFT is not interested in the coalition, charging that it is an attempt by the NEA to secure the benefits of the AFL-CIO without paying dues.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that the two principal organizers of the AFT, Selden and Shanker, are engaged in an open struggle for control. A few weeks ago Shanker, a union vice-president as well as co-director of the merged New York state teachers groups, won enough votes on the union's executive council to be nominated to fill the first available vacancy on the executive committee of the AFL-CIO. Selden has lashed out publicly against his old friend, accusing him of being a "Meany-man." A unified national teachers' organization would add greatly to the power of the Coalition of Public Employees; a bitterly divided AFT plus continuation of the AFT-NEA dispute could seriously damage it.

Budgeting

For those who have not been following the financial responsibility game—Washington's most popular spectator sport—it is a contest between Capitol Hill and the White House to see which can project the best image as a cost-cutter and revenue-saver.

To start with, the Nixon administration claims $17 billion in "outlay savings from program reductions and terminations" in its budget for fiscal 1974. Savings of $11 billion are claimed for the current year. When the director of the Office of Management and Budget, Roy L. Ash, appeared before the Joint Economic Committee in February, he was asked by Senator Humphrey to "provide for this committee a full detailed explanation, justification of cost-benefit impact, cost-benefit relationship of every single cut that you have made in every program in the 1973 fiscal operation and projected 1974." OMB thereupon submitted, in March, a 179-page document. It fell considerably short of what Humphrey had requested. A JEC staff analysis concluded that "about $8 billion of the $11 billion the administration claims to have saved in fiscal 1973 are in fact not real budget savings as much as they are budget cosmetics" and that "about $8 billion of the $17 billion claimed savings [for fiscal 1974] are not real budget savings at all."

JEC defines a "real budget saving" as "an action that leads to a reduction in the level of program outlays from one year to the next" or "a reduction in the rate of increase in program outlays, as mandated or committed by existing law, from one year to the next." Many of the OMB "cuts" are scorekeeper's tricks. Four examples:

► Although defense spending is up $4.7 billion in 1974, the administration claims a $2.7 billion savings. Explanation: the $2.7 billion is the amount OMB trimmed from the military's "wish list," before the budget went to Congress.

► The administration claims an $83 million savings in federal aid for state highways, since "the biennial Highway Act of 1972 was not enacted by Congress"—a "cut" of a non-existent appropriation.

► OMB says it will save $592 million on public assistance programs next year. The basis for this savings, according to the JEC, is "a proposed federal regulation which has not yet been adopted and whose legality is questionable." The regulation would eliminate federal funds equal to the amounts later calculated to have been paid to ineligible recipients. The states, in other words, would have to become perfect administrators of welfare (34 states have threatened a legal suit if the regulation is adopted).

► OMB claims a 1973 savings of $1.5 billion in general revenue-sharing payments. JEC reports this money has simply been shifted a few days into fiscal 1974.

In addition to "savings" which are not savings, some of the actual cuts were made without any serious attempt to analyze their cost-benefit impact. Examples:

► Eliminating "duplicate burial benefits" for veterans ($250 for each) will generate savings of $54 million a year. The rationale for the cut is that "veterans are entitled to interment at federal expense in national cemeteries." That is true, but since November there have been *no* federal cemetery plots for veterans from North Carolina to Long Island.

► The "open space land program" was terminated in January. Why? "Benefits accrue primarily to residents served by the parks. . . ." No further explanation.

► Eliminating dental care medicaid payments for adults will save $75 million next year. Rationale: "lack of dental care is seldom life threatening and is less critical for adults than for children." Last year 17,000 Americans died from oral cancer.

► Public employment programs will be "phased out gradually through [the] end of FY 1974" for a savings over two years of $1.4 billion. Justification: "the employment rate is expected to be down to 4.5 percent by the end of this calendar year." Furthermore "the remaining unemployed are mostly in need of assistance which this program cannot provide." No supported data provided.

OMB has made some cuts that one cannot quarrel with. With farm income at a record high and foodstuffs expensive and in short supply, a reduction in farm price supports is sensible. On balance, however, OMB has come up long on ideology and short on analysis. Some of the government's best professional economists are in OMB, but their work is nowhere in evidence in the document submitted to the Joint Economic Committee.

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School Money

In this administration, every education budget starts out lean and every Congress tries to fatten it up. During the Johnson years, the federal share of the total budget for school districts rose from 3.8 to 8.8 percent. After four Nixon vetoes, that share is down to seven percent. Some $600 million less has been spent than Congress has ordered be spent.

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 (ESEA) soon expires, and in its place the administration wants education revenue sharing (ERS). At $2.77 billion, the new package is some $200 million below last year's ERS, and may, HEW Secretary Weinberger told a House committee, be $500 million below the categorical grants it would replace. All aid to school libraries and state departments of education would be eliminated, as would $146 million in aid to school districts "impacted" by children of federal employees.

At a budget briefing last January Sidney P. Marland, the commissioner of education, said "We stand on ERS, live or die." Weinberger calls it the most vital of the four White House special revenue sharing plans. Yet last March Mr. Weinberger was unable to find anyone in the House willing to introduce the bill—a sign of some trouble ahead.

ERS lumps 30 tight categorical educational grants into five block grants and lets state governors put up to 30 percent of each of the grants into almost anything, except impact aid. The only protected "earmark" in ERS is $1.55 billion in Title I's program of compensatory education for the disadvantaged—that is, the poor. This would represent nearly 55 percent of all federal aid to education.

Title I money has occasionally gone to the wrong schools, sometimes for school buses, or just useless hardware that ended up in closets. With so many children to cover, much of it was dribbled away in nickels and dimes. HEW would now like to concentrate this old Title I money in the very poorest districts, forcing them to spend three-fourths of it, in one form or another, on reading and math. The districts it has in mind are those where 5,000 or 15 percent of the children come from poor families. They are also the districts most vulnerable to court-ordered busing. But proposed concentration is at the expense of over one million children formerly covered by Title I money. Some schools that have been in the Title I program for three years would suddenly be cut off because only 4,000 or 14 percent of their students come from poor families. In the state of New York federal "aid for the disadvantaged," instead of reaching 200 school districts, would reach 13. "If you were cynical about this," says a Washington representative of the American Federation of Teachers, "it looks like HEW is trying to turn this into a welfare project, shrinking down and isolating those who can benefit." AFT estimates that a $300 Title I commitment for all US schoolchildren from families below the poverty line would take $3.6 billion.

In political terms the ERS package would diffuse the energies of the education lobbies into the 50 states and take the heat off HEW. Money for the handicapped, for vocational education, for school lunches, would compete with each other in every state out of the same general pot. Training projects in drug abuse, environmental education and nutrition have already been farmed out or closed down. Bilingual education, which was not folded into ERS, was slashed in the revised '73 budget from $41 million to $35 million. Disadvantaged children are no longer guaranteed 15 percent of the funds for vocational education. Finally the administration has lost interest in the Emergency School Assistance Program (ESAP), for which it once sought a billion dollars as part of a Southern strategy to ease the burden of school districts under orders to desegregate. It now seeks $271 million for that purpose.

The new budget's only growth areas are research and higher education, with aid going directly to students rather than their colleges. The Basic Opportunity Grants (BOGs) are supposed to provide needy students up to $1,400 a year for college costs, minus family contributions. One and one-half million students are eligible—but unfortunately the old subsidy programs have been eliminated. A direct operating grant to colleges, congressionally authorized at $1 billion a year, is not funded at all in the budget.

A National Institute of Education (NIE), somewhat like the National Institutes of Health, has been set up as a special "non-partisan" public body, to coordinate educational research and development. NIE will get $169 million next year, up from $119 million this year, but it is not clear where NIE is headed, except perhaps into a power struggle between various education lobbies and academic professional groups. The NEA, for example, which represents over one million teachers, would like the research geared to "practitioner-assistance"; others prefer different uses. Without the categorical grants the fruits of this research may never get to the attention of 50 state governments and 19,000 school districts, each doing its own thing with revenue sharing.

The Libraries' Lament

Federal aid to libraries has never been massive and until 1956 didn't exist at all, but a number of federal programs enacted during the past 17 years have helped to build libraries, train librarians, buy books and other materials, and stimulate other more substantial funding for library services from states, localities and private sources. Much of the federal money has been

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given on a matching basis, requiring five dollars to be raised from other sources in order for library programs to qualify for two dollars in federal money. Last year when President Nixon sought successfully to reduce this aid, librarians were up in arms, predicting the decline, even the demise, of many services—children's libraries, books for the blind, aged, handicapped, bookmobiles and such.

Some 20 million people live where they have no access to public or private non-profit libraries; there is still substantial illiteracy (21 million people) and, despite all the progress that has been made in construction and equipping of libraries, between 30 and 40 percent of elementary schools still have nothing that can be called a library. For good reason, therefore, libraries and their supporters were aghast when the President's 1974 budget called for cutting off all federal aid, reducing requests, authorizations and appropriations to zero.

Several grant programs under an equal number of laws are to be affected unless Congress forces the administration's hand or President Nixon, who during National Library Week said Americans should "share generously in the support of our libraries," reconsiders. Title II of the Higher Education Act of 1965, for example, provides for assistance to college libraries and for money to pay for training and research. Part of this money goes to acquiring books, periodicals and other resources. Grants have been on the decline over the past four years. In 1968, for instance, they totaled $24.5 million; in fiscal 1971, $9.1 million. Authorizations consistently have run higher than appropriations. In fiscal 1973, $52.5 million was authorized, $12.5 million appropriated. The Nixon budget for 1974 calls for no money and the administration is seeking to rescind the appropriated money for 1973. College enrollments are growing, costs are rising, more new books are being published, but the federal faucet is to be shut off. Similarly training and demonstration grants for librarians for which appropriations have averaged a little over $5 million annually are to be terminated.

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act (Title II) provided money to increase library resources in private and public schools. The American Library Association estimates that this year more than five million students benefit from the program. The 1973 appropriation under the act was $90 million. The 1974 request is zero.

In 1967 the government began to assist state institutional libraries—hospitals and prisons and residential schools for the handicapped. Each state was eligible to receive about $35,000 a year and the money served about 300,000 persons who'd had no access to libraries before. This program too is to be terminated.

The Library Services and Construction Act was to provide about $30 million for 1973 to provide such things as bookmobiles; books for the aged, blind and handicapped; scholarships for library students; books for rural areas; summer reading programs for children; paperbacks for prisoners. Also construction grants provided since 1965 to build libraries (on a 2½ to 1 ratio matching basis, requiring the raising of state and local funds) will be ended.

The administration contends that programs have been successful and therefore are no longer needed (ridiculous on its face), that funds have always been insubstantial and therefore can easily be replaced from other sources (charging library patrons to check out books?), and that libraries will be eligible for general revenue-sharing grants administered by states and localities, albeit in competition with other supported services with greater political clout and substantial legitimate needs of their own—such as police and fire departments, sewage treatment and public transportation.

Revenue sharing will suffice in some places where libraries win their local battle for funding (Chicago's public libraries have been given $1 million) but elsewhere it will not. With no federal money many libraries will close; others will curtail services, eliminate special children's libraries and bookmobiles. Libraries throughout the country planned to dim their lights at noon May 8 to dramatize their peril.

Justice Denied At Kent State

At Kent State the memorial tree to the four students killed on May 4, 1970 died and was cut down some time ago. A few students and some of the parents of the slain continue to press for a federal grand jury or a congressional investigation into the shootings, without success. The haunting pictures of the dead at Kent State are imprinted in the minds of a generation, but the courts have failed to deal with the "unnecessary, unwarranted, and inexcusable" use of force. No one has been held accountable.

On July 29, 1970 then-Attorney General John Mitchell said that there were "apparent violations of federal law" in the Kent shootings, and that the federal government would move to prosecute violators "if Ohio authorities do not." Mitchell said the violations involved both students and Ohio national guardsmen. A special Ohio grand jury was convened, but its findings were later declared invalid by a federal court, and all but a few of the charges it made against 25 students and faculty members were dismissed. No guardsmen were indicted. A person who worked on the case for the Department of Justice has confirmed that the department prepared a memorandum on possible violations of Ohio law and advised that six guardsmen could be prosecuted. The memorandum was presented

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to the Ohio attorney general, since retired, and the local county prosecutor. No indictments resulted. White House aide Leonard Garment wrote the parents of the slain that the then-attorney general, Mr. Kleindienst, "has not seen presented to him sufficient new evidence or information which would compel him to submit this matter to a federal grand jury."

Later an Ohio court held in *Krause v. Rhodes* that the guardsmen who killed four students and wounded nine others were agents and instrumentalities of the state and were immune to prosecution. In another suit a federal district court dismissed an action by parents of the slain students that sought to compel Kleindienst to convene a federal grand jury. That case, which charged a violation of federal civil rights statutes, is being appealed. Kent State students gathered 50,000 signatures from around the country petitioning President Nixon to convene a federal grand jury. The White House did not respond. Governor John J. Gilligan has the power to convene a state grand jury, but is reluctant to do so because, according to one Ohio legislator, the governor believes that it would "tear the state apart." Prosecutor Ronald Kane of Portage County, which encompasses Kent State, has failed to act on the Justice Department's memorandum. Congressman John F. Seiberling (D, Ohio), who represents the Kent area, talked of calling Kleindienst "on the carpet" before the House Judiciary Committee to explain his inaction in the case. But in the face of a complacent constituency Seiberling has little incentive to act. Seiberling has however, cosponsored House Resolution 4733, which would create a commission to oversee the actions of the national guard and improve their training. That bill is now pending in the House Armed Services Committee. No hearings have been scheduled.

Senator Edward Kennedy expressed an interest in investigating the shootings, but the inaccessibility of FBI reports has seemed reason enough for him to delay indefinitely. Former Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio is the only public figure who still advocates the convening of a grand jury. Once himself a county prosecutor, Young recently said "I have the names and rank of guardsmen who should be indicted and placed on trial. The finding all along has been that the guardsmen committed murder. I feel there should be criminal prosecution."

Six months after the Boston Massacre in 1770, the British soldiers who fired into a mob were tried for murdering five in colonial Boston. Most were acquitted. Three years after the shootings at Kent State, the guardsmens' guilt or innocence remains undetermined.

Charles D. Schollenberger

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The Nixon Watch

Something but the Truth

President Nixon's darkest day yet, though predictably not the darkest of his days to come, began with four resignations and two replacements and was supposed to end, but didn't, with a televised address in which he said he wanted to speak from his heart about "what has come to be known as the Watergate affair." When he concluded the address with "God bless America, and God bless every one of you," the television cameramen and technicians in his White House office thought they saw tears in his eyes. The Economic Stabilization Act was to expire at midnight and he signed a one-year extension of it. Alone and unannounced, he then walked from his office to the White House press room. The President stood in the shadows and said to some 15 reporters and photographers: "Ladies and gentlemen of the press, we have had our differences in the past, and I hope you give me hell every time you think I'm wrong. I hope I'm worthy of your trust." Then he went to his quarters in the White House mansion and, it was said later, made and received several telephone calls. Whom he called and who called him was not announced. The inference was that his callers praised the speech and told the President that at long last he was atop the Watergate scandal and was going to come out of it clean and whole. If they told him that, they were wrong.

The resignations and replacements made this April 30 a day without precedent. Mr. Nixon listed them in a statement and again in the speech. Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst, who had already withdrawn from the Watergate investigation because some of his friends and former associates were involved in it, had "asked to be relieved" and was resigning. Secretary of Defense Elliot L. Richardson, who had been at the Pentagon less than three months and had previously been secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare and under secretary of State, would succeed Kleindienst and would immediately, before the Senate confirmed the new nomination, "assume full responsibility and authority for coordinating all federal agencies in uncovering the whole truth about this matter." The President said in the statement that "I have today accepted the resignations of two of my closest friends and most trusted assistants in the White House, H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman," and in the speech he called them "two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know." He said in the statement, "I have today requested and accepted the resignation of John W. Dean III from his position on the White House staff as counsel." In the speech, without praise and without saying again that he had requested Dean's resignation, he simply and coldly said that Dean "has resigned." The final

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announcement was that his former law partner and since 1969 a special consultant on the White House staff, Leonard Garment, was succeeding Dean as White House counsel "until a permanent successor . . . is named" and would "represent the White House in all matters relating to the Watergate investigation."

Bob Haldeman was the chief of the White House staff, the guardian of the President's door and time and energies. John Ehrlichman, the assistant for domestic affairs, was the chief formulator and manager of domestic policy. Haldeman, a sometime advertising man, and Ehrlichman, a lawyer, entered the President's service in the 1950s and since 1969 had been at the controlling top and center of his White House establishment. Only Henry Kissinger for foreign affairs and, in a somewhat lesser degree, secretary of the Treasury George P. Shultz for economic policy and affairs, shared the confidence and affection of the President to the extent that Haldeman and Ehrlichman did. With their departure the Nixon White House that Washington and the country had known since 1969 would become a very different establishment and place. But not totally different, not as different as many supposed, and for a simple and obvious reason. The closed, secretive and often arrogant White House that they personified, and the way of conducting presidential business for which Haldeman and Ehrlichman were blamed and detested by many in Congress and elsewhere, were closed and secretive and arrogant because Richard Nixon wanted and required that kind of establishment and way. There's hope and talk around him now of opening up the White House processes and of his opening his door and himself to wider access than he permitted Bob Haldeman to permit. This predictably won't happen, not for long and not in any significant degree.

The reason it won't happen has to do with something more than Mr. Nixon's habits and nature. It has to do with a factor that was much in the public prints and mind during the President's first year or so in office and has faded from general awareness since then, thanks to Haldeman's stringent care of Mr. Nixon's time and energies. There is a limit to the President's energies and endurance, a point beyond which he loses adequate command of himself and his circumstances. He knows it. Haldeman knew it. The President's staff knew it and used to discuss it, in the course of praising and thanking Haldeman for the skill and effectiveness with which he took it into account and protected Mr. Nixon from excessive demands upon his time, patience and energies. The outward style and behavior of the Nixon White House may change with a new guardian at the door, new direction at the center just below the President. But the inner reality of the Nixon White House and the Nixon presidency is not likely to change, not so long as Richard Nixon is there to keep it as he wants and must have it.

The President said that in accepting the resignations of Haldeman and Ehrlichman he meant to leave "no implication whatever of personal wrongdoing on their part" and that Kleindienst has "no personal involvement whatever in this matter." He didn't say anything like this about John Dean. He couldn't: it was too clear from believable reports, some of them originating with Dean himself, that he was very much involved in the Watergate scandal and in the effort over many months to conceal any White House involvement in it and related 1972 campaign espionage, sabotage and misuse of huge sums of contributed cash. The concealment occurred and it could not have occurred without the knowledge and collaboration of Haldeman and Ehrlichman. A fair question is why Mr. Nixon—surely knowing as much now, however he may insist that he knew nothing until late March—went to the lengths he did to absolve Haldeman and Ehrlichman of any imputation of involvement. Two reasons are evident. One is that they are certain to be witnesses under oath in a Senate investigation and in the courts and may be indicted defendants. Any statement by the President that he knows them to be guilty of what they have been and may be charged with would amount to conviction. Another reason, not provably in the President's mind but certainly high in the public mind, is that Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman are among the appalling number of past and present subordinates and associates of the President who soon will be required to say on oath, in the courts and before Senator Sam Ervin's committee, that Mr. Nixon did or didn't know what they knew and did or didn't authorize or order them to do what they did and authorized.

Mr. Nixon said in his speech that he didn't know until March 21 and afterward "because I believed the reports I was getting" and "because I had faith in the persons from whom I was getting them." Two days after the resignations were accepted, *The New York Times* reported in a convincingly circumstantial account that Haldeman, Ehrlichman, John Dean and former Attorney General John Mitchell cooked up the reports that Mr. Nixon was getting, in a preplanned and elaborate effort to cover up the truth and keep it from the President. If they did keep the truth from him between last June and March 21, as the President says somebody did, the least and the best to be said of him is that they made a fool and a dupe of him. Only a fool, a dupe, or a President who wanted the proven truth to be kept from him could have, as he said, "discounted the stories in the press that appeared to implicate members of my administration or other officials of the campaign committee." Discount, in any case, is not the truthful word. Mr. Nixon denounced the stories and the most persistent producer of them, *The Washington Post*, privately and

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profanely in person and publicly through his spokesman, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler. On May 1, in early evidence of superficial change at the White House, Ziegler finally got around to apologizing to the *Post* and two of its reporters, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein.

One must believe that Mr. Nixon spoke from the heart, as he said he did, and bespoke his true self in his television address. He said among other things: "We must maintain the integrity of the White House. And that integrity must be real, not transparent. There can be no whitewash at the White House." In a speech that was of supreme importance to him, a speech that in its national impact could go far toward determining whether he survives the Watergate affair without resignation or impeachment, Mr. Nixon did not maintain the integrity of the White House. He impaired it. He evaded. He elided. He lied.

The President lied when he said: ". . . I decided as the 1972 campaign approached that the presidency should come first and politics second. To the maximum extent possible, therefore, I sought to delegate campaign operations, to remove the day-to-day campaign decisions from the President's office and from the White House." True enough, he said and pretended that he did this in 1972. It was a pretense then and it is a pretense now. During the campaign and after he was reelected, working politicians on his staff and at his Committee for the Re-election of the President told me often, with pride and in detail, that he gradually moved from a posture of some detachment in 1971 toward and finally, from March of 1972 onward, into active direction of the campaign in its major aspects. He publicly defended the interpretation of old and new campaign practices laws that permitted his agents to collect millions in unreported contributions. Through Charles Colson, a lawyer and former assistant who is busily trying to qualify himself as a witness rather than a defendant, the President directed and closely followed the operations of the White House "attack group" that did much to cut George McGovern down and keep him down. When the news reports of Watergate and related scoundrelry seemed to threaten his reelection, Mr. Nixon directed and in effect dictated the most savage of the counterattacks. At the Republican convention in Miami Beach, Colson and John Ehrlichman ran the local Nixon show under daily, often hourly orders from Bob Haldeman, who remained in Washington and at nearby Camp David with the President until the two of them flew to Florida and took personal charge.

"When I am the candidate, I run the campaign," Mr. Nixon said in January 1971. A good deal of his April 30 speech was devoted to maintaining that this wasn't true in 1972. It was true in 1972, his year of triumph and, it now appears, of potential ruin.

John Osborne

In the Public Interest

It's a Gas

During the last month sources within the oil industry began floating the prospect that gasoline could sell at a dollar a gallon within five years! The oil industry always thinks big whether in seeking tax loopholes, government insulation from competition or political campaign contributions. But in these days of calculated gasoline shortages, the industry's "majors" (about 20 large oil companies) may be taking their greatest gamble.

In cutting off or drastically reducing gasoline supplies to the independent, non-brand gas stations, the "majors" are moving toward their long desired goal of driving these stations out of business. These independents have been a major factor in keeping the lid on gasoline prices to motorists. Without their price competition, the "majors" will be able, once the loose controls are lifted or raised, to increase their prices toward that one dollar a gallon figure.

However, a backlash is building which may result in state and federal investigations of a more pervasive character than anything experienced by the oil industry. It is one thing to buy up politicians and get laws which jack up prices and profits. It is quite another thing to flirt with curtailing gasoline supplies. When the pumps start running dry, other responsible politicians find they've got a triple constituency of undermined gas retailers, discomforted consumers and local government fuel purchasers.

Consider these recent developments:

► Connecticut Attorney General Robert K. Killian has subpoenaed 31 gasoline distributors for five major oil companies concerning their involvement in any efforts by these "majors" to ration gasoline supplies in the state. Killian also sent a telegram to former US Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to impanel a grand jury to investigate a possible conspiracy to limit gasoline sales to certain retailers. Killian told Kleindienst that the rationing system rested on "a purported national gasoline shortage which may well have been deliberately created to drive independent dealers out of business and drastically increase the wholesale and retail price of gasoline."

► The general manager of the District of Columbia mass transit system, Jackson Graham, charged earlier this month that "collusive practices" by major oil companies are indicated by the failure of 12 "majors" to respond to bid invitations to supply fuel for the city's fleet of 1,764 buses. The two other companies invited to bid submitted totally unacceptable offers, according to Graham, who asserted: "You can't have no responsive bids out of 14 requests without some talking going on. It isn't a matter of supply and demand. It's politics, political blackmail." The Metro

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board voted to ask the Justice Department to investigate the oil companies after hearing their director of operations, Ralph Wood, state that "almost every transit property in the East is experiencing this kind of thing."

► Federal Trade Commission Chairman Lewis A. Engman told a House Appropriations subcommittee that the FTC's largest investigation into the structure and conduct of the major oil companies was being received with resistance and court action to block subpoenas for information.

► Four congressional committees are holding or planning hearings on the oil cartel and its impact on the nation's consumers and energy policies. Such hearings may help coalesce the efforts of mass transit authorities, state attorneys general and independent retailers to get to the bottom of these oil company machinations.

There are many questions which have been begging for answers. For example why are refineries not working at full capacity? Why do the individual companies resist disclosing their gas reserves and the number of capped wells? Why do the oil companies assert that overseas producers are "at maximum levels" when Iran and Iraq have been complaining about company underproduction—a factor which led Iraq to nationalize the consortium? Have independent refiners, such as in California, been pressured by the "majors" to sell their gasoline to the majors' brand dealers instead of to independent dealers, or lose their source of crude oil from pipelines controlled by those same "majors"?

There are many other questions—relating to control of prices and other forms of energy monopolization—which government subpoenas and private litigation may be putting to these oil companies. The answers could not come too soon for burdened consumers and taxpayers.

Ralph Nader

Highways vs. Environment

The Long Island Fight

When Congress created the Highway Trust Fund in 1956, little thought was given to mass transit, and even less to the environmental impact of extensive highway construction. The direct relationship between our transportation priorities and the environment is dramatically illustrated by the proposal to span Long Island Sound with a six-mile bridge between Rye and Oyster Bay.

The Rye-Oyster Bay bridge was proposed by the New York State Department of Transportation (DOT) and Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) and is supported by the construction industry, commercial trucking interests and Governor Rockefeller. The purpose of the bridge is to provide greater access between Long Island and New England and northern New York, and to relieve congestion on existing routes. It would be fed by 10 miles of federally funded access highways running through the Oyster Bay Natural Wildlife Refuge and other parkland areas to the south, and Manursing Island and Rye-Playland Park to the north.

Pursuant to the National Environmental Policy Act of 1970, DOT and MTA drafted a 318-page environmental impact statement last November. It concedes a major visual impact on Long Island Sound and substantial disruption of commercial shipping and pleasure boating activities (the bridge will be 25 feet over the water except for a 55-foot point near the Rye side and a 135-foot point near Oyster Bay). The 33 million cars and trucks expected to use the bridge each year will cause a major increase in noise level and an air pollution concentration which in the immediate area will violate federal minimum standards. An adverse effect on water quality in the sound is admitted as a result of solid and liquid particles emitted by vehicles, as well as falling oil, dirt and de-icing salts. No adequate research has been done on the effect of this upon fish and marine birds in the area, though it will be harmful.

On the Oyster Bay side is one of the few wetland complexes left on the north shore of Long Island. It is a major fish and shellfish breeding ground, as well as a migratory bird wintering habitat. In Rye the North Manursing Wildlife Sanctuary is a haven for marine life and water fowl. The MTA extols the economic, ecological, educational and recreational value of these wetlands. It professes "special concern" over the irretrievable damage which will result, but proposes nothing to avoid it.

With the huge new traffic influx the present residential and semirural character of the communities on either side will be replaced by unplanned urban sprawl. The probable disruption was found to be even worse at other locations considered. Seven other possible crossing sites were examined. In each one it was found that there would be a major intrusion into the existing communities on either side, substantial ecological damage, and interference with public and private recreational areas.

It is significant that the project's sponsors fail to give any serious consideration to improve rail transportation as an alternative to relieve highway congestion. Rail transit is potentially faster, less expensive and far less damaging to the environment. Six times as much energy is required to move a ton of freight by truck as by train, a factor which gains significance in light of the projected fuel energy crisis. Yet today rail systems in the Northeast are bankrupt, vastly underutilized and therefore inefficiently organized (for example goods shipped from Newark, New Jersey to

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any New England city must detour through Albany).

Meanwhile the highway system is so overdeveloped and overfinanced that the MTA concedes the proposed bridge will soon beget the need for another. To build more highways and bridges flies in the face of the mandate of the Tri-State Regional Planning Commission for a balanced regional transportation system featuring upgraded rail service. This very mandate was quoted approvingly at the outset of the MTA impact statement and ignored thereafter.

The New York legislature has twice voted to block the bridge. Governor Rockefeller has vetoed both bills. Rockefeller is squarely opposed by his conservative fellow Republican from Connecticut, Governor Thomas Meskill, whose state will be directly affected by the bridge. In a most improbable combination Meskill is supported by a panoply of Democratic and liberal Republican congressmen and senators, as well as local officials of all political stripes.

Just before the Easter recess Congress approved bills requiring the consent of the New York and Connecticut legislatures before any federal funds can be committed. The Department of the Interior has rejected the Oyster Bay terminus, but this ruling is being challenged and can be circumvented. Two lawsuits pending in the New York federal courts have achieved delay.

It is not hard to see why so little has been done to develop balanced regional mass transportation systems in this country if one considers the typically lopsided allocation of transportation funds in the 1973 federal budget: 70 percent for highways, five percent for rails and three percent for mass transit. Senators Weicker, Kennedy and Percy are backing an all-purpose transportation fund approach against well financed lobbying by powerful construction and trucking interests. Mass transportation has not until recently excited many people, despite the obvious need. Now that the Rye-Oyster Bay bridge battle has coupled it with the environmental issue, perhaps it will get the attention it deserves.

Ridgway M. Hall, Jr.

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Hidden Costs of the B-1

Bombing Empty Holes

by Peter J. Ognibene

Congress has already appropriated more than $1 billion to develop the B-1 bomber, and the air force wants almost $2 billion more just to see if it will fly. If the flight tests which begin next year are successful, the service will ask Congress for $8 billion to purchase 241 of the bombers. The illusion being created by the air force is that a new strategic bomber fleet will cost $11 billion. It is likely to be four times that.

To arm, support and maintain the B-1 bomber fleet could cost the American taxpayers on the order of $40 billion by 1990. There are alternatives to this massive outlay which could maintain strategic nuclear bombers in our arsenal well into the next century and at a considerably lower price, but the air force has not explored them and probably will not as long as it believes it can manipulate Congress so that its only possible choice in 1975 will be to build a new bomber fleet.

The B-1 has been designed to replace the B-52 as the workhorse of the Strategic Air Command. The air force says the B-1 will fly higher and faster, weigh less and carry more than its predecessor. Built by Rockwell International (formerly North American Rockwell), the B-1 is the primary project of the company's Los Angeles division, and the research and development funds alone will bring Rockwell about $1.2 billion. General Electric is building the turbofan engines, and Boeing is responsible for integrating the communications and electronics, or avionics, systems. Other contractors, large and small, representing 40 states, will get R & D funds totaling about a half billion dollars, and if the B-1 later goes into full production, these firms stand to get additional contracts worth some $4 billion. This vast funding has created a powerful political constituency for the B-1, and some legislators who might normally be expected to cast a critical eye on any large-scale weapons spending have been looking the other way. Both California senators, for instance, have supported the B-1. "It's only development

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money," said the staff assistant of one.

The air force used parametric cost-estimating techniques to arrive at an $11.1 billion price tag for 244 B-1s (including three test aircraft). Such techniques were successfully used by NASA to predict the cost of the Apollo moon program, but the military was late in adopting similar techniques and did so only in the face of growing criticism about cost overruns in its major procurement programs. The theory behind the parametric approach, according to one defense official, is "that costs of a defense system are related in an approximate but quantifiable way to its physical and performance characteristics." In other words once certain design parameters have been defined—speed, weight and payload, for example—the cost histories of previous weapons (the F-111 in the case of the B-1) can be used to determine the approximate cost *per pound* for the airframe, avionics and, ultimately, the plane itself. Although this approach has proven useful in the past, any estimating technique is only as good as the source of its data and the candor with which it is reported to decision-makers. There are indications, unfortunately, that the air force has not been forthright in its public statements about the cost of the B-1.

The service continues to report a figure of $11.1 billion for the B-1 program, but last July Congressman Les Aspin (D, Wisc.), a member of the House Armed Services Committee, reported that the Defense Department's office of systems analysis had calculated the cost of one B-1 at $60 million—fully a third more than the air force estimate of $45 million. If the systems analysis figure is correct, this would drive the cost of the B-1 program to $14.6 billion.

There are other discrepancies. The original design for the B-1 contained 3,900 pounds of avionics and allowed space for up to 10,500 pounds. Using parametric techniques, the air force calculated 3,900 pounds of avionics would cost $4.8 million or $1,231 a pound. In February a General Accounting Office staff study of the B-1 noted that the avionics design had increased to 5,400 pounds, but the air force had not adjusted its estimate correspondingly. By my calculations the additional avionics weight (1,500 pounds) would raise the price of each bomber $1.8 million. There has also been an increase in the weight of the airframe which Air Force Secretary Robert Seamans estimates will add $2.2 million to the cost of each plane. Thus the actual cost of a B-1 could be closer to $64 million than the air force estimate of $45 million.

These figures apply just to the cost of the B-1 itself in what is called "fly-away" condition (meaning it can get off the ground and safely land). It does not include the costs of armament, operation and maintenance and the new tanker fleet which will eventually be required to support the new bombers. The B-1 is designed to carry 32 short-range attack missiles (SRAMs) which have a maximum range of approximately 100 nautical miles. Originally developed for the B-52 and FB-111, the SRAM program has generated a cost overrun of more than $1 billion. The air force puts the cost of each SRAM at $788,000, but GAO's estimate is $884,000. Equipping the B-1 fleet, then, would cost between $6.1 and $6.8 billion. (The SRAM's nuclear warhead is another "extra" which would drive the price still higher.) Operation and maintenance expenses for the B-1 would average at least a billion a year for its first 10 years. The cost of a new tanker fleet of 360 modified Boeing 747s (for example) would be at least $8.3 billion. (For more detail, see "The B-1 Ballyhoo," *TNR*, June 17, 1972.) All of these figures are admittedly guesstimates, but they at least attempt to take into account the realities of operating a fleet of strategic nuclear bombers—something the air force does not do when it talks to Congress about the B-1. Add them up and you have the B-1 *weapon system* and its support elements costing some $40 billion. Even this figure understates the probable cost because it assumes no further cost overruns will occur and that the service's estimate of inflation (2.57 percent per annum) will prove correct. (Inflation this year is running close to six percent.)

The B-1 is being built on what the Pentagon calls a "fly-before-buy" basis. Flight tests lasting 15 months will end in July 1975, and the administration will then decide whether to ask Congress to fund production of the bomber. By this philosophy flight tests ought to approach as nearly as possible the types of missions the new plane might have to fly. This is not being done. On its flight tests the B-1 will carry inert SRAMs and not launch a single test missile. In short, the B-1 will do little more than take off and land—its armament no more than ornament. The defensive avionics systems, the electronic equipment upon which the air crew will depend to penetrate Soviet air space, will not be installed during the flight tests. GAO reports: "The rationale for delaying defensive avionics, according to the System Program Director [Major General Douglas Nelson], was to develop a defensive avionics package to counteract the threat at or near the time the B-1 is expected to be operational." Rockwell, however, is planning to flight test the defensive avionics in 1976, the year after Congress will be asked to make a production decision, even though the first SAC B-1 will not go into service until 1979 or 1980. If the remaining avionics space (5,100 pounds) is subsequently filled with equipment, the cost of the B-1 program would increase by $1.5 billion. The purpose of this one-year delay in flight testing the defensive avionics systems seems apparent: the air force is more concerned about getting the B-1 through Congress than through Soviet air defenses.

By funding the research and development of the B-1 and no alternative systems, Congress has been unwittingly making a down payment on a program that could cost $40 billion or more. One alternative to the

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new bomber would be extending the operational life of the present SAC fleet of B-52s and FB-111s, but the air force does not want to make its existing forces more effective; it must have something *new*. Next year two squadrons of B-52Ds will be deactivated; more no doubt will follow. Yet despite service propaganda about the "aging B-52," tests by the Boeing Corporation have demonstrated that the airframe of the newest B-52s (G and H models) can last "six life times . . . without developing any life limiting cracks." If SAC were to continue to fly its late-model B-52s at current yearly rates, these aircraft have the potential to last well into the 21st century.

Another alternative is the stand-off bomber: a large aircraft, such as a C-5A or 747, which would launch its missiles or armed drones at Soviet targets from well outside Soviet air space. Pilotless drones have been used successfully in aerial reconnaissance over heavily defended regions of North Vietnam, and they can be produced cheaply and in large numbers because they do not require life support systems and the elaborate avionics gear a pilot needs. The air force has never given serious consideration to the stand-off bomber because, General Nelson insists, the service needs a "manned penetrating bomber." Yet the choice of the SRAM as the B-1's primary weapon belies this assertion. If an air-launched missile can be trusted to destroy its target from 100 miles away, why not develop one that can do the job at a range of 1000 miles?

General Nelson claims the B-1 "must have the capability to penetrate enemy defenses and strike hardened targets with precision accuracy." What targets? Only underground missile silos can be considered "hardened targets," but by the time our bombers get there, they would be empty. That would also be the case for bomber bases because Soviet aircraft would have been launched. Having SRAMs for weapons, B-1s would not fly over their targets: they would launch their missiles up to 100 miles away. In other words, the B-1 will be less a bomber than a missile-launcher, and its pilots will use their eyesight and intelligence not to choose targets but to push buttons. The ultimate irony is that the B-1 air crews which manage to survive the Soviet air defense system will have risked their lives to shoot missiles at vacant bomber bases and empty missile silos.

Where, then, can bombers be sensibly used in nuclear war? The answer is *nowhere*. All that would be left are "soft" targets such as cities and industrial areas, and these certainly do not require "precision accuracy." Moreover these are precisely the targets which ought to be spared in an initial retaliatory strike. According to most scenarios, a Soviet first strike would be a counterforce attack aimed at our nuclear forces but avoiding major population centers. If our retaliation were aimed at Soviet cities, we would be inviting the destruction of our own in return. Many strategists believe no limitation possible once a nuclear war has begun, but if there is some possibility of keeping it "limited," it lies in avoiding the destruction of each other's cities. But our bomber bases will surely be hit in a first strike, and those bombers which were launched would have to be used within a few hours or not at all. SAC has always assumed its headquarters will be destroyed in a nuclear war, so when its bombers take off, they carry sealed orders assigning them targets: no further communication is required once the "go" command is given. Thus there is a targeting dilemma—one which has never been resolved. If bombers hit Soviet cities, our own will be destroyed in return, but if they attack bomber bases or missile silos, they will be hitting empty holes. The conclusion is unmistakable: the bomber as a nuclear weapon is obsolete.

There is still, however, a role for the bomber in nuclear deterrence, but of necessity it is a small one. Because they are mobile, bombers can be moved quickly to many bases if given adequate warning. Bomber dispersal complicates the Soviet planners' first strike problems by increasing the number of targets which must be destroyed in a counterforce attack. The probability that some bombers will survive and be capable of dropping nuclear weapons on the Soviet Union supports the stability of our deterrent, but how high and fast they fly or the number of weapons each can carry are of considerably less importance. Indeed, with twice as many B-52s and FB-111s as there would be B-1s if a fleet of 241 is deployed, it is clear that the larger strategic fleet we have *now* would be a more effective deterrent.

The offensive arms limitation agreement signed in Moscow last year restricts the number of ICBMs, ballistic-missile submarines and submarine-launched ballistic missiles the United States and the Soviet Union may deploy, but there are no limitations on bombers. Although we have long held a considerable lead over the Soviets in long-range bombers (530 to 140 at present), they have never shown an interest in catching up. One suspects our air force would be overjoyed if they did deploy a new bomber because that would strengthen its case for the B-1, but the enemy has not been very cooperative. A few years ago, however, the USSR did begin testing a new bomber we dubbed the *Backfire*, and Defense officials quickly came to view it as a strategic threat. In 1971 Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird warned that the Russians had a "new swing-wing bomber under development . . . estimated to have intercontinental range capability." In 1972 he modified that somewhat, saying there was a "probability" the *Backfire* had "a capability for in-flight refueling" which would give it the range to "reach virtually all US targets." But this year former Defense Secretary Elliot Richardson backed off even more and declared that "the weight of evidence favors the view that it is best suited for peripheral attack."

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The *Backfire*, then, is probably just another Soviet tactical aircraft and of no threat to the American homeland, but it was useful to the Pentagon in making its case for the B-1. It would only be a slight exaggeration to say that this Russian plane has been of more value to *our* air force than to theirs.

It's spring in Washington, and once again the Pentagon has turned to thoughts of war. The public statements of top Pentagon and service officials have been delivered to Congress, and now the second and third echelon are making their way to Capitol Hill to testify behind closed committee doors about the Russian threat. The strategic arms limitation agreements with the Soviet Union will conveniently be ignored by these officials and even exploited to rationalize going full speed ahead on those weapons not proscribed by the accords. Air force officials will be carrying stacks of papers and charts to make their case for the B-1, but like all advertising only the good points will be mentioned. Not a word will be said about the hidden but inevitable costs of the B-1 or the empty holes it would have for targets in a nuclear war. The air force wants $474 million this year to continue development of the B-1, and the service is expecting little opposition to its request. If "it's only development money" continues to be the prevailing congressional attitude, it will cost the taxpayers at least $2.7 billion just to see if the B-1 can get off the ground. If Congress later decides not to build the B-1 fleet, it will have spent more money on the plane's development than was wasted on the C-5A's cost overrun. The decision facing Congress is a simple one. If it believes the B-1 program is worth $40 billion, it should continue funding its development. If it believes the Pentagon should be made to explore less costly alternatives, it should stop the B-1's development now.

New Interventions

The Moveable War

by Tad Szulc

The United States is currently stepping up its direct involvement in the internal security problems of the Philippines and Thailand, where local insurgencies are again assuming serious proportions, in a manner disturbingly reminiscent of the early days of our engagement in South Vietnam. Still quite limited in scope, new programs to support Filipino and Thai counterinsurgency efforts were quietly launched last month, largely through the Agency for International Development (AID), which in the past had been used as a cover by the Central Intelligence Agency for paramilitary operations in South Vietnam and Laos. AID has a highly developed capability for assisting foreign police through its Public Safety Bureau.

In the Philippines the new AID program, costing $4 million this year, is the Provincial Development Assistance Project under which American civilian advisers are being attached to Filipino provincial chiefs in the areas where separate insurgencies by the left-wing New People's Army and dissident Moslems are the most advanced. This project is patterned in part after the Vietnamese CORDS (Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support) operations conducted jointly by the CIA, AID and the Defense Department as the principal "pacification" effort. The new project in the Philippines is staffed by former CORDS officials, although AID insists that comparisons with Vietnam are not valid.

In Thailand AID has assigned a small team of former CORDS counterinsurgency experts to study the situation and provide advice both to the American Embassy in Bangkok and Thai authorities. This coincides with reports that the United States has begun to supply weapons and other materiel to arm existing village defense organization forces, a counterinsurgency militia in Thailand's northeast provinces where rebels, apparently supported by China, have become a major security problem. This militia, another echo from Vietnam where the regime first relied on the discredited strategic hamlet concept and later on provincial and territorial defense forces working with the army, is under the overall control of the Communist Suppression Operations Command of the Thai Na-

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tional Executive Council. Elite Thai counterinsurgency units have all along been trained by the US Army's Special Forces "Green Beret" teams.

The US has been committed for years to assist the Philippines and Thailand in their internal security programs. This commitment stems both from our alliance with these two countries through the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO) and from direct bilateral arrangements. Military and economic aid to the Philippines and Thailand, both of which are still playing important support roles in the continued American military involvement in Indochina, has repeatedly been justified to the Congress as required to bolster local counterinsurgency threats.

But recent events and realignments in Southeast Asia have made stability in the Philippines and Thailand even more important than before to Washington. Consequently the latest wave of insurgency and rebellion in those two nations has pushed the US into new security involvements there despite President Nixon's affirmation early this year that under his doctrine there would be no further American participation in foreign domestic conflicts. His message seemed to indicate that the US would henceforth draw the line at deliveries of military hardware and, of course, the nuclear umbrella—if ever required.

With the Vietnam cease-fire in danger of collapse three months after its signing in Paris, however, the Philippines and Thailand remain vital to American strategic interests in the region. This is particularly so since the US military withdrawal from Vietnam was completed at the end of March. There are major US military bases and installations in the Philippines and Thailand; tens of thousands of American troops are stationed there; and important intelligence and training operations are conducted from the two countries.

Most of this year's bombing missions in Cambodia have originated from air bases in Thailand. Cambodian units are trained in Thailand and there still are so-called Thai "irregulars," paid by the US, fighting in Laos. The Philippines remain the principal rearguard base for US air and naval operations in Indochina. The US thus retains an enormous stake in political stability in both Thailand and the Philippines.

Insurgency problems, to be sure, have been endemic for years in the Philippines as well as Thailand. But they appear to have grown rather considerably since dictatorial rule was imposed in Manila by President Ferdinand E. Marcos last September and by the military National Executive Council in Bangkok in November 1971. In each instance insurgency and subversive activities were cited as reasons for doing away with whatever precarious forms of democracy had existed there. In each case the Nixon administration tacitly approved of these moves (although it showed a certain annoyance when South Korea's president, Chung Hee Park, made his dictatorial move in October 1972). The administration never publicly related the appearance of these new Asian dictatorships to the fact that the United States fought a 10-year war in Indochina supposedly to assure democracy in South Vietnam. Whether or not there is a documentable direct link between the disappearance of the last vestiges of democracy in the Philippines and Thailand and the new rise in insurgency, the fact remains that as of this spring the situation in both countries has become serious.

It is quite possible, of course, that the new involvement will be kept to a minimum in the coming months and years. But given the dynamics of such situations as well as the real US strategic interests in the Philippines and Thailand—certainly as they are perceived by the Nixon administration—some concern and skepticism over what we are doing may be justified. There is a long and painful history of secret commitments all over Asia.

It may also be useful to raise some questions of how effective the new programs may be. AID's unpublicized Provincial Development Assistance Project in the Philippines is intended to shore up President Marcos' efforts to cope with the twin rebellions he faces. There is no other readily available explanation for the sudden launching of the project and the assignment of American advisers to Filipino provincial officials only six months after the comptroller general of the United States reported to the Congress that the Departments of State and Defense had opposed recommendations for expanded economic aid to the Philippines in place of the much abused military aid program that reached a total of $777 million by 1972. The report, prepared by the General Accounting Office, described in detail the Philippine government's failure to utilize properly US military aid and its frequent failures to comply with the terms of the military assistance program. In some cases, it said, the Filipino military establishment had profited financially from investing at interest US assistance funds and from selling for its own account surplus US property.

Noting that one of the officially stated objectives of US military aid to the Philippines is "to assist in creating an internal security capability," the GAO declared that the related objectives for "economic and social growth have been plagued with serious problems. These problems will have a decided impact on future United States-Philippines relations." The GAO then recommended to the secretaries of State and Defense that they consider "whether alternative forms of aid, such as an expanded economic aid program or a greater emphasis on civic action programs, might better serve the mutual security interests of both the United States and the Philippines." But, it said, the two departments advised the GAO "that the initiation of alternative aid programs in lieu of military aid was not considered appropriate because . . . a reduction of military aid would reduce the Philippine government's ability to maintain law and order." No new

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economic aid was considered for Manila, but the continuing military aid program was suddenly coupled in April with the provincial advisory program based on CORDS veterans from Vietnam.

In its initial phase, the new project has only 16 American officials. It is headed by Thomas Rose, who served as AID's public administration chief in Saigon, and Richard Kriegel, the former CORDS provincial adviser in Vietnam's Bindinh province in military region II. Eight ex-CORDS specialists have already been assigned as advisers in such areas of the South Mindanao as the Cotabato province, where the Moslem rebellion is in an intensive stage, and in Central Luzon where the Maoists control much of the territory.

The few administration officials here willing to discuss the new Philippines project say that the American advisers (never before required by Manila) have the mission of assisting local officials in overall planning, the handling of US-provided commodities and rural development problems in general. They disclaim any intention of turning the project into a Filipino version of Vietnam's CORDS. But the events in the Philippines may well distort what is claimed to be no more than a provincial technical assistance program. Already last year American military units were involved in "civic action" operations in conjunction with the Filipino army that clearly had a relevance to internal security problems. A staff report issued in February by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee said that these operations included "community relations training," "techniques needed to overcome deep-seated superstitions," and "identification of different mores and traditions."

On another level, the Senate report cautioned that Washington's easy acceptance of dictatorships in the Philippines and South Korea suggested that the US "is today as closely associated with both regimes in their new authoritarian form as it was before." It said that "we saw no evidence of any diminished sense of US responsibility for either government" and that "it would appear that in the coming year the Congress will be asked to do more for both countries." Even in the Philippines, our own colonial stepchild and 'showcase of democracy' in Asia, the United States appears to have adopted a new pragmatism, perhaps because there was no other choice, turning away from the evangelical hopes and assumptions with which it has tended to look at political evolution," the report said. "Thus US officials appear to accept that . . . military bases and a familiar government in the Philippines are more important than the preservation of democratic institutions which were imperfect at best."

A test of long-range US commitments may come with the arrival of the new American ambassador, William H. Sullivan, the former ambassador to Laos and a deputy assistant secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific affairs. Sullivan, who headed the Vietnam working group, is regarded as a "hawk" in Asian terms.

In Thailand the situation is in a way more complex. There are three principal insurgency areas: in the north, the northeast and in the south adjoining the Malaysian border. The most serious rebel challenges are in the north and the northeast where as many as 7,000 guerrillas may be operating. Though the insurgency dates back to 1965, it has picked up new momentum in the last two years. There are rebel units in the vicinity of Nakhon Phanom (the air base to which the US moved its military command from Vietnam and from where the so-called "electronic battlefield" is being controlled) and of Udorn, one of the other major air bases used by American aircraft.

Aside from the use of Thailand for the Indochina war, the US has long concentrated its military effort in that country on support for counterinsurgency. MACTHAI (Military Advisory Mission, Thailand) headquarters is in charge of operational and intelligence aspects of counterinsurgency. Until recently however the Thais themselves have been apathetic about the insurgency and a Senate Foreign Relations Committee report last year said the problem was "complacency and lack of motivation." "Even signs of action," it said, "are the result of American urging." This year however the Thai military government has begun to press Washington both for greater assistance and, ironically, for a decrease in the US military presence in the country, now well over 40,000 men.

This apparent contradiction is explained by the fact that Thailand finds itself increasingly caught between its loyalties to the United States (for which Washington has paid vast amounts) and the realization that continued identification with American military interests is bound to exacerbate the insurgency and block improved relations with Peking and Hanoi that the Thais now desire. US-Thai relations thus run on two tracks. One track is the quiet diplomatic pressures for Washington to curtail its military visibility in the country. The other track is insistence on covert aid against the Thai insurgents.

Assistance thus far rendered by MACTHAI and the Green Berets has been unsatisfactory for both sides. Since early this year, therefore, the vast AID mission in Bangkok (over 250 officials) has undertaken the task of reviewing the counterinsurgency programs with the notion—which fits Thai political thinking—that American cooperation should be given more discreetly through the economic mission. This has prompted the dispatch from Washington to Bangkok of an AID counterinsurgency experts' team. The experts' findings may change the format of counterinsurgency assistance, but the present policy is for long-term US involvement in the rebellion.

Regardless of the outcome of the Indochina struggle, the US seems unable to disengage from internal Asian problems. Lessons of the recent past, it would appear, are not being learned in Washington.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Godspell
(Columbia)

The Hunters Are the Hunted
(Radim)

Bitzer Books

I went to *Godspell* with some distaste and left with some, but in between there were a few moments of real pleasure. I had missed the New York show, which has also been a hit elsewhere, and I dragged my feet about going to a film that sounded like a dehydrated (just add holy water) version of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. In effect this musical *is* just that: it works up bits of the Gospel (St. Matthew) in pop music, pop culture, and pop attitudes; but it's less offensive than *J. C. S.* because it transposes the story to the present, right to Manhattan, the characters are pop sketches of some of the originals, not the originals in pop dress, and there is no claim of one-to-one reproduction. For instance, there are only eight apostles, half of whom are girls and two of whom are black; John the Baptist also fulfills the functions of Judas; and all 10 of them, including Jesus in a Superman shirt, are young.

In anything remotely resembling something that could begin to be called a religious sense, *Godspell* is a zero; it's just Age-of-Aquarius Love fed through a quasi-Gospel funnel, with a few half-hearted supernatural touches. Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics sound like spin-offs of an era, not original works. (But at least they are not as abysmal as his score for the Broadway musical *Pippin*.) The film gets its occasional lifts from two elements. First, the sheer concerted attack on us by the youth of the 10. Youth and freshness and freedom are what they are selling, much more than talent. As a general rule, this tends to put my back up—not just because I'm not young but because self-praise by the untrammeled young has almost replaced self-praise by the trammeled middle-class in the commercial theater. However, this group cracks through from time to time, like a child who comes on cute and then occasionally *is* cute.

But even more effective is the direction of David Greene, a new name to me. Evidently Greene is no stranger to the *oeuvres* of Richard Lester, but unlike those who mechanically imitate Lester, Greene has found his own rhythms within the Lester style. His pattern of cuts and angles and surprises—throughout but especially in musical numbers—is more than merely arbitrary action, it seems to be obeying a genuine and high-spirited imagination. And he has simply pre-empted the city of New York, using it as his property in a way that no other musical director has done. He has not prettified, he has selected—archways under bridges, fountains in parks, skylines and streets—with light-fingered affection. In one splendid zoom-lens sequence, he begins a musical number with one person on a rooftop, pulls back, then zooms down to someone else on a rooftop blocks away who is continuing the number, has the pair join, then cuts to the conclusion of the number in front of an electric sign high above Broadway. The only vaguely spiritual quality in the film is Greene's use of the best of the Manhattan spirit.

Martin Sperr is a young German actor-playwright who has gained a reputation in his country during the last eight years for a series of three plays, which move from the countryside to the metropolis of his native Bavaria: *Hunting Scenes from Lower Bavaria, Tales from Landshut* (Landshut is a small city taken to typify conservative smugness), and *Munich Freedom*. The first of these is published in *The Contemporary German Theater*, edited by Michael Roloff (an Equinox paperback, $4.95), and was filmed four years ago. Now the film is released here, under the meaningless title *The Hunters Are the Hunted*, and it's a disappointment.

The protagonist, played by Sperr himself, returns home to his village from a stay in the city and takes up work again as a mechanic. It is soon rumored that, during his absence, he became a homosexual. He never explicitly denies this, and his coolness only infuriates the reactionary villagers (including his mother) who hound him until, trying to flee, he commits a murder. He is captured by the police and led away; and the film ends with a beer party given by the mayor for the village, full of mugs and snugs.

However, the film is not very affecting. Sperr is a good enough actor, but his role lacks definition: is he stupid or brave or stolid? The analogies, with fascism or anything else, are too pat. The murder at the conclusion is both contrived and, in the worst sense, inevitable. Either as straight moral drama

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

Cabaret. Slick musical, remotely connected with Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*. Michael York better than Liza Minnelli, which is one of the things wrong with the film. But Bob Fosse directs smartly.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Luis Buñuel, seventy-something and something to marvel at, plays slyly with middle-class corruption.

The Emigrants. Jan Troell photographed and directed; Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann perform, one of the best chronicle films—about 19th-century Swedes coming to the US.

Jeremiah Johnson. Robert Redford as a Rocky Mountain trapper 130 years ago. Space, rigor, life-style.

Love. Lili Darvas is exquisite as a 96-year-old in this delicate, nearly perfect Hungarian film about the effect on one family of a police state and some things it can't affect.

Payday. The last 36 hours in the life of a country-music star, played pungently by Rip Torn. Pleasantly different from some recent pretentiousness, it's more serious than it seems.

State of Siege. Fictional recreation of the Tupamaro abduction and murder of an American official in Uruguay, 1970. Questionably objective, but generally gripping.

SK

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Robert Brustein on theater

Tragedy on a Trampoline

London

Victor Garcia's decision to perform Lorca's *Yerma* on a trampoline is one of those bright theatrical ideas that generate more heat than light; and it is a tribute to the actors of the Nuria Espert company that they manage to rise above the visual distractions and deliver a powerful performance of the play. Garcia's setting—a diamond-shaped piece of stretched canvas, raised and lowered into various shapes, peaks and valleys—gives a liquid, undulating motion to the scenes, as the actors roll into its hollows, clamber up its sides or merely try to negotiate its surface (an effect rather like that of walking on water). Moreover the bare, abstract nature of the design is an appropriate mood-correlative for the flat, monochromatic tone of Lorca's writing in *Yerma*, heightening its ritualistic character and surrealistic passages, though at some cost to its linear narrative thrust.

On the other hand, the function of a theatrical environment is not just to create an atmosphere, but also to serve the dynamic needs of the play, and, in this regard, Garcia's trampoline offers at least as many problems as it solves. Occasionally a source of illumination, it is more often a distracting novelty, which calls too much attention to its mechanics. The grinding winches and squeaking pulleys make the scene changes both excessively noisy and peculiarly labored, so that a device presumably designed to facilitate the action often only manages to make it look more difficult (not least of all for the actors, who seem to have a problem balancing on the uncongenial membrane). Then, one is tempted to ask, why a trampoline rather than a Jungle Jim, or, for that matter, a kidney-shaped swimming pool? How does the director justify such an arbitrary choice? (It has been suggested that the design is supposed to represent a womb—but since this would make all the characters embryos, it is hardly a fitting metaphor for a play about barrenness.) For all its theatrical ingenuity, the trampoline struck me as another of those strategems with which modern directors sometimes compete for the attention of the audience—not an avenue to the heart of the play so much as a detour around its nervous system.

Whatever physical obstacles Mr. Garcia throws in the path of his actors as a designer, he helps them navigate as a director; and he has evoked a kind of hoarse-voiced virility from this company that is often quite electrifying. Nuria Espert is stunning in the part of Yerma, a full-bodied, black-haired actress willing to take considerable chances for the part (raising her legs in the position of childbirth, baring her breasts and kneading them like dough, stroking the leg of a pregnant woman to express her envy and devotion). And her supporting players are always strong, whether genuflecting in unison prayers, or writhing around the canvas like so many damned souls in an orgiast's hell. For all my doubts about the setting, I have none about the acting, so it is no reflection on this splendid company's work that I left the theater curiously unmoved by the play.

Of course it is possible that the play shares something of the heroine's barrenness; and here I must admit that *Yerma* is not among my favorite Lorca works. The writing is at the same time so compulsive in its conception and narrow in its execution that I have often suspected that Lorca chose the wrong plot with which to dramatize his undoubtedly deeply felt theme. The story of a strongwilled woman, imprisoned in an increasingly loveless marriage, *Yerma* focuses relentlessly on her desire for children and her failure to conceive them. Fertility rites, prayers and a visit to a sorceress finally convince her that this childlessness is the fault of her sour and indifferent husband. At the end she strangles him with her bare hands, crying "Barren . . . my body dry forever . . . because I have killed my son."

Now if there is nothing wildly improbable about this story, there is nothing absolutely inevitable about it either: I don't find it a dilemma in which many women will immediately recognize their problems. Lorca works diligently to restrict Yerma's alternatives—divorce is impossible under the laws of the church; adoption is unsatisfactory since she wants her own child; adultery is unacceptable because of her code of honor. Still, one is overly conscious of the author's labor in closing off escape routes, as well as of considerable contrivance in his character's relentless pursuit of tragedy. Yerma is virtually alone among Lorca's passionate heroines in resisting the call of the blood. And while it is important not to underestimate the repressive power of Span-

Sonnet for Joe

When I tell you I would rather you describe a clock than time,
that the essence of your ocean sentiments is not the ocean,
I'm wondering if you would live if your feet got tangled in seaweed.
Write me the superstructure of water.

And now you drop your face. I see my mistake. You did not write
to contend. So it was the ocean in four dry lines
like seaweed from Japanese groceries that thickens and plumps
when ladled in water. Look, you don't even like it.

when I give you some copies of ocean poems. You detest the sea
and its marketable herring, its common tuna, and starfish
always losing their legs. Think of the man

who fell off his fishing boat in the fog off Alaska. He heard the motor
slowly *trup*ping away, its cargo of vain fish under its wing. Think of
his widow who detests the sea, who lives beside it, who writes now to
her friend.

Sandra McPherson

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ish society and religion, Yerma seems curiously reluctant to consider the options, especially when her desire for children is consuming enough to issue in murder.

In short I find it hard to believe in the tragic necessity of Yerma's story, though Lorca's compulsion to tell it is overwhelming enough, and this arouses in me an entirely hypothetical suspicion that the play is a pretext for expressing the agony of the male homosexual. It is the homosexual who has no alternatives to barrenness, whose body is dry, whose breasts are made of sand, for his inability to become pregnant is the major obstacle to a total identification with the woman's role (in this context, Yerma's frustrated cry, "Oh, if I could only have them by myself" takes on an added poignance). Lorca's obsession with doomed sexual love, as well as his use of water and irrigation as images of sperm and procreation, his linking of human beings and breeding animals, and his attribution to women of essentially male characteristics (for example, an irrepressible sexual appetite) are the themes in which he usually sublimated his own homosexual leanings. In *Yerma* he has in hand, for the first time, the materials for a genuine homosexual tragedy; and if the play fails to satisfy, it may be because a sublimative treatment is no longer adequate to the feelings expressed.

Instantly Digestible

Breakfast of Champions

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

(Delacorte Press; $7.95)

"The expression 'Breakfast of Champions' is a registered trademark of General Mills, Inc., for use on a breakfast cereal product. The use of the identical expression as the title for this book is not intended to indicate an association with or sponsorship by General Mills, nor is it intended to disparage their fine products."

So Kurt Vonnegut begins his latest novel, leaving us to wonder what the title does indicate. My guess: it warns us that this work is not like the one that goes snap, crackle, pop and sometimes includes a surprise in the package. It also suggests that the novel is bland, less nourishing than you might imagine, and sponsored by an athletic minister of God.

"There are almost no characters in this story, and almost no dramatic confrontations, because most of the people in it are so sick and so much the listless playthings of enormous forces." So Vonnegut described his last novel, *Slaughterhouse-Five* (1969). He was accurate. For many years he had spoken repeatedly of the horrible fire-bombing of Dresden, which he had witnessed as a prisoner of war and had made the goal of his novel-writing. But *Slaughterhouse-Five*, which tells that story, collapsed under the varied pressures of Vonnegut's cool-cat cynicism, his fantasies, the undigested new influence of Louis-Ferdinand Céline, and the clash between the reality of Dresden and Vonnegut's pervasive unwillingness to take ideas seriously.

Introducing that novel, he wrote: "I've finished my war book now. The next one I write is going to be fun. This one is a failure. . . ." The next one was *Breakfast*, which apparently was ready within a year; but in 1970 he announced that he was putting off its publication and that he had no plans for more novels. There's a certain curiosity attached to the novel after the big one—*Pierre* after *Moby Dick*, *Transparent Things* after *Ada*—and *Breakfast* is almost a deliberate curiosity, an earnest attempt to play after getting Dresden out of the way. It's filled with Vonnegut's cartoon drawings of items mentioned in the text; it plays the whimsical game of pretending that we know nothing about life on earth ("Maple sugar was a kind of candy made from the blood of trees"); and it delivers many straight-faced criticisms of Life:

> The founders [of the USA] were aristocrats, and they wished to show off their useless education, which consisted of the study of hocus-pocus from ancient times.
>
> . . . West Point, a military academy which turned young men into homicidal maniacs for use in war.

He indulges in some obligatory no-no's: he talks about Niggers, he draws a vagina, he gives penis measurements of most of the male characters (but fudges about his own). Back in *Mother Night* (1961) he began the gimmick of repeating a meaningful phrase, such as the hundredfold "so it goes" that plagued readers of *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Here the phrase is "and so on." ("Life is now a polymer," he explains. "And it is in order to acknowledge the continuity of this polymer that I . . . end so many paragraphs with '. . . and so on.' ") He has often transferred characters from novel to novel; now he celebrates his 50th birthday by dismissing "all the literary characters who have served me so loyally during my writing career"—of whom Rosewater and Kilgore Trout are the most obvious in *Breakfast*.

Well, all this—and the funny names and the slapstick events—is less amusing than it ought to be. The characters are still stick figures, still listless playthings; but the "enormous forces" are now reduced to Vonnegut himself, who wanders through his novel like Ed Sullivan through reruns of his Sunday nights—creating characters, endowing them with nonce pasts and qualities, hurting or sparing them, and then dismissing them indifferently. We tend to share that indifference. We soon learn to read *Breakfast* by the line, or by the one-liner, hoping for a joke here and there and keeping an eye out for the novel's chief blessings, its summaries of Kilgore Trout's science fiction. The Vonnegut who appears is less charming than his earlier avatars: here he is represented as on the verge of a nervous breakdown, troubled by schizophrenia and his mother, and not much involved in the novel: " 'This is a very bad book you're writing,' I said to myself. . . ."

It's not *that* bad; it's diverting . . . but it's pop, no snap or crackle. Vonnegut has often said that he wants to be read by the big wheels, the men in charge, and it bothers him that "lawyers and military men" don't read novels. But *Breakfast*, like his other works, shows

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that Vonnegut hasn't a clue about the men in charge. Imagine Nixon faced by a cartoon beaver, or Agnew told that people are bad only because of bad chemicals in them, or Mitchell advised that "the sacred part of him, his awareness, remained an unwavering band of light"! Even simple communication requires the right kind of simple. At the University of Iowa, one of Vonnegut's main themes was the "sense of wonder" needed by writers; here he describes—and draws—a rattlesnake with rattles and poison-filled fangs; then after a momentous pause he announces:

> Sometimes I wonder about the Creator of the Universe.

Even a sophomore will wince at *that* kind of simplicity.

Vonnegut burst on the scene (as we say about pop lit) in 1966, when two publishers reissued *Player Piano, The Sirens of Titan, Mother Night, Cat's Cradle* and *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater.* That year an article in *TNR* praised him as "the most readable and amusing of the new humorists," while less restrained critics hailed him as "an important American writer" and likened him to Voltaire and Swift. Any writer who hits the big time that hard may keep on going from sheer momentum—remember Golding after *Lord of the Flies?*—and Vonnegut did. He appeared on the academic talk-show circuit; he patched together a heap of early pieces (*Welcome to the Monkey House,* 1968); he sprayed articles and reviews about; and he had a bad play produced (*Happy Birthday, Wanda June*). And of course his Dresden novel. And *Breakfast of Champions.*

What is to be said now? Well, Vonnegut is the most readable and amusing of the middle-aged humorists. His prose is simple and clear—sometimes alarmingly so, in *Breakfast:*

> Dwayne had a black servant named Lottie Davis. She cleaned

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

SANDRA MCPHERSON *has just been awarded the Emily Dickinson Award by the Poetry Society of America for her poem "Wearing White."* J. D. O'HARA *teaches English at the University of Connecticut. Poet* LOUIS COXE *has done, with Robert Chapman, a play version of Melville's* Billy Budd, *that is available in paperback (Hill & Wang).*

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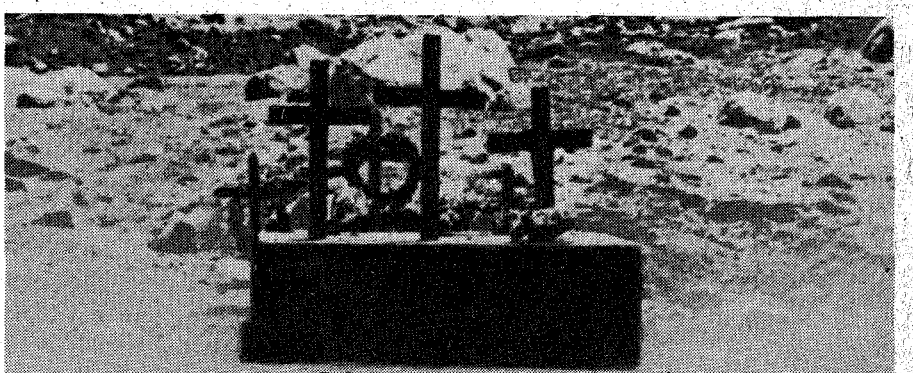

En Chile no pasa nada*

You can believe that if you want to. Alistair Horne has some other ideas. "It is not in Southeast Asia, the Middle East or Africa that *the* ideological battle of the seventies seems likely to be waged, but in South America." And this astute journalist (accompanied by William F. Buckley, Jr.) went inside the Andean republics to prove his point. What he found amid the vanished Inca civilization was the first freely elected Marxist regime in history and a struggle between Communism and Maoism, and a view of another world that the rest of the world would be wise to watch. So fascinating. So dangerous.

SMALL EARTHQUAKE IN CHILE
A Report from the Andean Nations by Alistair Horne
$12.50 *In Chile nothing happens
THE VIKING PRESS 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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his house every day. Then she cooked his supper and him and served it. Then she went home. She was descended from slaves.

His jokes are mercifully quick; they show his early training as a reprinter of college wit for the *Cornell Sun*. There's no need to collate the various parts of a Vonnegut work; the more you remember the more self-contradictory his ideas and values become. There are no underlying meanings, no ironies waiting to trip you up: he who reads may run without breaking stride. He is an excellent popularizer; the ideas and writing techniques are instantly digestible.

And finally—since all good things must end, and so on—he is philosophically impeccable, within his genre. The recent appearance of Horatio Alger's *Silas Snobden's Office-Boy* has reminded us that pop lit is distinctive in its ability to have its cake and eat it too. Alger praises pluck and shows that the real necessity is luck; he supports hard work and paternalism both; he urges us to push and shows the value of pull. Vonnegut also works both sides of the street. In particular, he is fashionably pessimistic: every mention of death in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, for instance, is followed by a fatalistic "so it goes." No mention of love, kindness, intelligence or goodness gets that tag, though they seem equally inevitable. But his pessimism is never disheartening; as a friend once told him, "You put bitter coatings on very sweet pills." In 1970 he told the sweet girl graduates of Bennington that "everything is going to become unimaginably worse, and never get better again." Worse than the religious wars, the barbarities of Tamerlane, Chaka, Attila, the Turks, the Nazis, the Japanese; the Dresden bombing, the slaughter of the Indians, the Black Death, the Crusades, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, famine and pestilence—all these are going to be outdone! What should we do? He suggested that after graduation the girls ought to spend some of their time "swimming and sailing and walking." Then (he was raised an atheist) he added:

> I beg you to believe in the most ridiculous superstition of all: That humanity is at the centre of the universe, the fulfiller or the frustrator of the grandest dreams of God Almighty.

In *Breakfast* he has expanded that center to include insects: "A sacred picture of Saint Anthony alone is one vertical, unwavering band of light. If a cockroach were near him, or a cocktail waitress, the picture would show two such bands of light." And so on. Remember that morning radio program, "The Breakfast Club"? Jokes, songs, chats with giggly ladies, and an occasional pause for prayer? Well, it's *Breakfast* time again.

J. D. O'Hara

COMING

Jonathan Yardley
reviews
Willie Morris'
The Last of the Southern Girls

Rite of Passage

The Summer Before the Dark

by Doris Lessing

(Knopf; $6.95)

This is the novel, one might have predicted, which the author of the Martha Quest novels would have inevitably come to in her early middle age. It is centered around the social and cultural trials, realizations and retractions of Kate Brown, whose name no longer signifies (quest = aha!) but instead is anonymous and everywomanish. More than 40, temporarily freed by a chance job translating for an agency of the UN from her long stint as wife, mother to four now-grown children, housekeeper *in perpetuum*, hostess, etc., she is now opened, in her crucial summer before the dark, to all the consciousness-expanding, frightening experiences of a new freedom.

"Looking backward over nearly a quarter of a century, she saw that that had been the characteristic of her life—passivity, adaptability to others." In Kate's crucial season she is given time to achieve this backward knowledge, the awakening experience of the woman in much of the feminist fiction in our present age. We learn that "she had been set like a machine by twenty-odd years of being a wife and a mother." We find that she has "the picture or image of herself as the warm centre of the family, the source of invisible emanations like a queen termite . . . she had been starved for two years, three, more—at any rate, since the children had grown up."

As her awareness increases Kate finds herself longing for her husband who is absent in America; she thinks often about her children. But once her job is over, she goes on what royalty used to call a progress, a *rite de passage* backward into the premarital freedoms of her youth. In a ritual that is both formal and in some ways straining to one's credulity, Kate has a brief affair with a young man. He gets sick, very sick, she gets sick herself, and her pilgrimage ends at the commune-apartment of Maureen, a young girl her daughter's age. There she watches the life-style of the young men and women (and they watch *her*); she sees their confusions and peregrinations. She is restored to health and then leaves, shutting the door on a party, lets "herself unobserved out of the flat, and [makes] her way to the bus stop and so home." These are the last words of the novel, the final act of Nora in *The Doll's House* but in reverse, the 20th century's neat and not entirely credible change in daring Ibsenian freedom, the new cliché which advances from awareness of woman's plight, to investigation of its implications, to a recognition that what one had has great value, and then the return. The process of grateful retreat, the backlash from the new freedom, has set in.

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The reader may find himself disappointed by the banality, or—if this is too harsh a word—the simplicity, and if this seems inadequate, the ambiguity of the solution to Kate's experience; one wishes for something more clearly and definitively written. To go back, after a summer which equates itself in our minds with freedom from all the old restraints of her motherhood, marriage, home, with no suggestion of a redefinition of terms or content, is a frightening response. It may be that Kate has "learned," but what does Doris Lessing, in the past so clear in her programming for her heroines, intend that Kate will *do* with her knowledge? Is her life to be seen as changed? Is her consciousness of her 20-odd years as wife-and-mother machine enough to give her life now an anti-technological turn, back into humanity? We are not told, except that it is "the dark" to which she goes, after the light of summer.

One looks in vain for some profit from her epiphanies, from her realization at one point that "she was still able to savour moments like this, without pressures of any kind, after the years of living inside the timetable of other people's needs," a realization very much like the old lady's in Tillie Olsen's *Tell Me a Riddle* that at last she is able "to live within . . . never again to be forced to move to the rhythm of others." To return to the rhythm of others, as Kate does following her vision of the confusion and disorientation in the lives of young people, seems to reaffirm the unquestioned values of her past or, at the very least, to surrender to them without any explanation except that, like Everest, they are there, and she is too old, tired or ill, or too frightened by the prospect of freedom, to move away from them.

Possibly I am too harsh on Kate and Doris Lessing. One could read this as a pure, lessonless fiction about one woman's retreat to the warmth of protective home from the momentary terror of a self-directed, almost solitary life, and not in any sense a moral tale or a generalized directive. But I do not think I am wrong about the quality of the prose. It is pale, stale, flat and undistinguished. In the past the truth of this observation has been obscured by the historical timeliness and acuteness of what she had to say; never before has this quality seemed as openly displayed, as spread out for such long distances of prose landscape. Listen to this:

> Sometimes, if you are lucky, a process, or a stage, does get concentrated. It was going to turn out for Kate that that summer would be such a shortened, heightened, concentrated time. What was she going to experience? Nothing much more than, simply, she grew old: that successor and repetition of the act of growing up.

How does one abstract the interest of the paragraph from the unmusical issuance of the words, especially the double, glottal stop of the two thats? (The first sentence of hers quoted in this review displays the same music.) Or take this passage, in which Kate goes to the theater alone to see Ingrid Bergman in *A Month in the Country:*

> *One last effort and I shall be free. Freedom and peace, how I have longed for you both,* and very soon everyone stood up to applaud and applaud, in the way we use in our theatre, as if the need of the actors to be approved, the need of the watchers to approve, feeds an action—palms striking repeatedly together in a fusillade of noise—which is a comment quite separate and apart from anything that has happened on the stage, nothing to do with whether the events shown are ugly, beautiful, admirable or whatnot, but is more of a ritual confirmation of self-approval on the part of the audience and the actors for going to the theatre and for acting in it. A fantastic ritual. A fantastic business altogether.

Again there is interest, but again there are soft spots in the prose ("ugly, beautiful, admirable or whatnot, but is more of a . . ."), a tuneless series of words, the effect of which again and again in the book is to cure the ear of its habit of listening. It becomes painfully acute when she writes images that catch and then words that let them go, push them away, as in the following passage where she sees at a theater persons who "had just finished eating animal of some kind; and the furs that were everywhere, despite the warm evening. . . ."

> It was a room full of animals, dogs and cats and wolves and foxes that had got on their hind legs and put ribbons on themselves and brushed their fur. This was a thought even more useless if possible. There had been a caricaturist, hadn't there, who drew people as animals, so what was the point of thinking like this, *he* hadn't achieved anything by it, for it all went on and on.

The last halting, broken, unmusical sentence appears in other forms too often in this short fiction to make it more than an accidental cacophony. In all her work Doris Lessing has held the interest of a generation of readers by her intelligence and her subject matter. Here, it seems to me, she loses us a little by the basic colorlessness of her writing and the failure in muscle tone of her thesis.

Doris Grumbach

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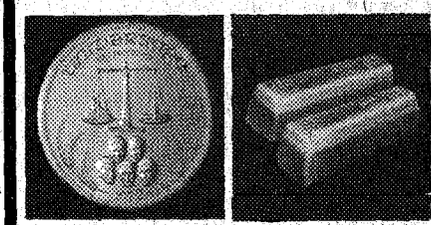

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In Brief

Dorothy Thompson: A Legend in her Time by Marion K. Sanders

(Houghton Mifflin; $10)

George Seldes said of her that "she was the only woman 'newspaper man' of her time." This searching biography traces the career of the American phenomenon, Dorothy Thompson, whose Methodist father awed her by his "mystical relationship with God," and whose saintly presence, which she loved deeply, gave her career a strong moral tone. Her mother died of what she was later to suspect was a bungled abortion performed (it was rumored) by her grandmother for whom she had "a deepened aversion." Her later activities in the suffrage movement had their seeds here.

Gertrude Tone of Niagara Falls, 37 when Dorothy was 20, and an active suffrage-worker, was the first in a series of older women to whom she became attached. Assigned to a footnote is the observation that Gertrude's "influence survived in the severely tailored suits and frilly blouses that Dorothy favored all her life," and the volume contains a number of pointed references to Dorothy's bisexualism: in Budapest, after the failure of her first marriage, when she says she was "thrown back into an adolescent homosexuality," in the '20s in Berlin when she had a "sapphic" relationship to a woman identified only as F, and after her marriage to Sinclair Lewis, when she had an extended affair with Christa Winsloe, author of the lesbian novel, *Mädchen in Uniform.*

These revelations have no abiding interest in themselves, but only as they add to the portrait of Dorothy Thompson's extraordinary force of character. Over and over she is here seen in her photographs as a larger-than-life woman whose chin is usually raised determinedly. "Amazon, the Valkyre . . . a formidable Brunhilde turned Cassandra," said Sara Mayfield of her. Sometimes the narrative stresses her belligerence, the legend of her as "intrepid girl reporter," a woman with "a powerful ego of her own, whose need for admiration and attention was as intense as her husband's [Lewis]."

The book is successful in tracing the progress of her career as one of America's leading journalists in the '30s and '40s, who fought doggedly and early against fascism, especially Hitler's Germany, wrote a syndicated column as influential as Eleanor Roosevelt's and Walter Lippmann's, spoke regularly on radio and appeared everywhere on the lecture platform as an authority on the politics of Western Europe. Then in the '50s, her career suffered a falling-off. Her pro-Arab views, based on her feeling that the status of American Jews was threatened by their Zionism, started the decline. Newspapers cancelled her column; "she was weary and out of sympathy with the society in which she lived, increasingly nostalgic for the world of simple Christian values," the world of her childhood and her father.

She died in 1961, past her fame and her prime, but is restored in this fair-minded, careful re-creation to her genuine status as an active, forceful, influential, intelligent journalist, "a voice of rare eloquence and courage." In Marion Sanders' summary of her contradictory nature we see her clearly: "gentle and ruthless, carnal and devout, lavish and parsimonious, sternly logical and unpredictably swayed by emotion."

If I Die in a Combat Zone by Tim O'Brien

(Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence; $5.95)

Tim O'Brien did not want to go to Vietnam. When he was in advanced infantry training at Fort Lewis, he began making elaborate plans to desert to Sweden. Sitting in a public library in Tacoma while on pass, he read articles about soldiers who went AWOL or deserted and jotted down the names of persons or groups who had helped GIs find the new underground railway. He wrote home and asked his parents to send him his passport and shot records, saying he needed them to go to Vietnam. In fact, he was actually planning to take a bus to Vancouver, fly Air Canada to Dublin and go to Sweden by boat. He kept his escape plans hidden in his wallet for fear that a sergeant inspecting the barracks might find them in his wall locker. He wrote letters to his family, a teacher and two girl friends on the eve of his departure explaining what he was about to do. The army gave him orders to Vietnam and assigned him to a flight. The plane took off. O'Brien was on it.

This failure of the will is the subject of the sixth chapter of this interesting and highly readable book. O'Brien was drafted into the army, but he was no ordinary draftee. Though a *summa cum laude* graduate of Macalester College in his native Minnesota, he saw the war from grunt's eye level. He was typical of other GIs in his desire not to be a hero: "If foot soldiers in Vietnam have a single obsession, it's the gnawing, tantalizing hope of being assigned to a job in the rear. Anything to yank a man out of the field—loading helicopters or burning trash or washing the colonel's laundry." He fulfilled his hope personally by becoming a typist in battalion headquarters for the last half of his year in Vietnam. "With letters and Scotch whiskey and with a comfortable but confining blanket of rear-area security, I settled down to wait."

Drew Pearson: An Unauthorized Biography by Oliver Pilat

(Harper's Magazine Press; $10)

Drew Pearson was hated by more presidents, society leaders and bureaucratic brass than any journalist before or since. Antagonist to the world, he rose to the top of the Washington political journalist pile in the 1930s and played king of the hill until his death in 1969.

His early years as tent boy in his father's Chautauqua circuits perhaps prepared him for his role as showman journalist. More political activist than reporter, Pearson used his column to club opponents of foreign or domestic policies, and nudge powerful politicans in the direction of right by Pearson's light. His staunchest enemies included General Douglas MacArthur, the radio priest Father Coughlin, Senator Joe McCarthy and Senator Thomas Dodd. A fellow with enemies like that could not be all bad.

But the bad streak was there. His pushing out Robert S. Allen, co-founder in 1931 of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round," was an instance, as was the appropriating of his best friend's wife. His quasi-illegal involvement in the late '20s as pusher of the Irish Sweeps (for $30,000 per year plus a chauffeured Lincoln) was yet another compromise of his Quaker principles with money and power.

Lawsuits over Pearson's column were as common as jonquils in April, but Pearson almost always found a way out. Once when threatened with legal action

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by General MacArthur, Pearson stopped the litigation in its tracks by locating the general's Eurasian mistress. MacArthur could have won, he told friends, except he "didn't want his *mother* to find out about the Eurasian girl."

While his nominal successor Jack Anderson may carry on the muckraking tradition, he is not involved in the Pearson personal campaigns and causes. No one with his acerbic zest or fierce drive for journalistic power remains on the Potomac scene.

Part of the Solution
by Margaret Randall

(New Directions; $9.95, $2.95 paper)

It says right on page 80 of this interesting miscellany that "we [in Cuba] don't even *think* of money here. The minimum wage earner makes enough to take his whole family out to a luxury restaurant a couple of times a month. Most people have surplus cash." True, there is severe rationing of most consumer goods ("one refrigerator every two hundred workers, one television set per fifty-two workers, one pressure cooker every seven woman workers," etc.), so money is hard to dispose of. Also, says Margaret Randall, there is little popular inclination to spend money the American way—no gift-giving for birthdays, for example, though plenty of pop and cake. Nor is it a scene where worth is measured by ownership. No, the revolution *has* occurred, and taken hold of the Cuban psyche as well as its pocketbook. The people even side with their own militia: two "real people's soldiers" took in hand some rowdy types on a train, "and then a whole lot of people in the crowd burst forward in that totally Cuban verbal/action way and just defended the militiamen and everything they stood for . . . It was so beautiful!"

And sometimes, even for one disposed to sympathize, unbelievable. Margaret Randall has been in Cuba for more than two years now with her companion Robert Cohen (who provides an informative introduction that is also extremely patronizing of anything faintly bourgeois) and her four children. An exile from middle-class America via Mexico, she provides us, in fragments of a journal and in several dozen suspiciously individualistic poems, with a heavily propagandized but nonetheless impressive picture of a healthy people led by a government of "absolutely revolutionary honesty." Her vision has familiar paradisal excesses, yet frequently comes in strong and true.

The Call Girls
by Arthur Koestler

(Random House; $5.95)

The novel has never been Arthur Koestler's métier; not even the "novel of ideas," which is, if it is to be taken seriously, in the first place a *novel*. Yet faced with the urgent ideas and subjects of a couple of his novels—most notably *Darkness at Noon*—esthetic questions seemed trivial and self-indulgent at the time, and were rightly waived. Koestler's strength lay, and lies, in polemics and advocacy, exposition and synthesis; always an armed partisan and sometimes (it must be said) a bit of a crank, he is in the high sense a popularizer of ideas scientific and pseudoscientific and outlandish, moral and metaphysical. *The Call Girls*, his first novel in 20-odd years, will further diminish, and it may annihilate, his problematic reputation as a novelist; and it will do nothing to enhance his standing as a middleman of ideas.

The title is a bad joke: the "girls" are with two exceptions all men, the phrase an extension of "intellectual whores"—in this case the untiring expenses-plus-honorarium junketeers at international symposia who convene in far-flung places profoundly to ponder and permanently to resolve the perennial issues of the millennium; the same ones that turn up in glossy magazines and freshman themes. In this particular symposium, set amidst the Swiss Alps' indifferent peaks, the annual apocalyptic

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issue is just that: "Approaches to Survival." The book is a pretext for Koestler's Revenge—for a thousand dreary papers and as many bleak bores endured, for all the soggy meals and depressing cocktails, for all the ladies with thick ankles and no necks, and the soused gentlemen who go on and on.

Koestler remembers now and again to make a mild pass at fiction, but his heart isn't in it; he's too busy laying out the positions of the ethologist and cyberneticist, the Skinnerite and Kleinian psychologists, the neuropsychiatrist and other renowned buffoons in attendance; the other of the two cultures is represented by a solitary fat pederast who dozes off during the panel discussions.

The Rape of the Taxpayer
by Philip M. Stern

(Random House; $10)

This volume concentrates heavily, though not exclusively, on the monstrous inequities, the nefarious special interest loopholes of the tax system as it stands today. Philip Stern relates a series of startling horror stories from that of auto heiress Mrs. Horace Dodge, who didn't even have to file a tax return on an income reckoned in the millions, to the several huge and highly profitable corporations that have to report but pay no tax. Billionaire Jean Paul Getty, he says, saves $70 million annually in taxes that he "ought to" but does not pay, all in full legal accord with the "tax-welfare system for the rich" administered by the Internal Revenue Service.

The avowed purpose of Stern's book is to enrage, on the reasonable assumption that only a powerfully aroused public opinion can conceivably influence Congress and make a substantive reform possible. To this end he brings together all the evidence he can unearth to describe what the malefactors of great wealth do to reduce their contributions toward the expense of government, and how they do it. He thus joins hands with former Senator Fred R. Harris and his Tax Action Campaign. Such emotional mobilization is probably the only way to stimulate legislative action. For Stern shows how the vested interests are in there, 52 weeks of the year, seeing to it that *we* pay our fair shares, or more, while *they* don't.

Reconsideration

Melville's *The Encantadas*

In America, every artist in fiction or poetry must begin all over again. Pound said, "Make it new," perhaps—unconsciously one hopes—echoing God: "Behold, I make all things new." In a sense every good or perhaps great writer does start afresh, make a new beginning, which in America is also an end, since no one else can ever do more than imitate, become one of many priests of the cult. Originality may consist merely in cult work-and-ritual, a kind of Yankee whittling or soft-core porn.

The Encantadas
by Herman Melville
Originally published in 1856 by Dix & Edwards, NY, in the author's *Piazza Tales*

Now available as part of the *Piazza Tales* from Hendricks House, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, NYC 10017; $4.50

Herman Melville was a true original. Being a graduate of nothing much scholastically, he went his ignorant way until—of all things—English literature (mostly poetry and drama) of the Renaissance fell on him like an avalanche. He never recovered, and a good thing. While the Men of Letters were selling their Romantic pastiche like good happy merchants, Melville the real romantic was preparing a compound of Sir Thomas Browne, Spenser, the King James Version and Shakespeare that had nothing in common with the language of Scott or Irving or Fenimore Cooper, nor with the "poetic diction" of the Boston and New York confectioners. He made up an original style that was part bibliophiliac, part wit-writing, all inventive, the more so for being so derivative. With the instinct of the true genius for surface above depth, he made almost by hand a style and a way of speaking that, while it sometimes fell into bathos and periphrasis, still afforded a great range of tone and feeling. Part of the triumph of Melville's best work derives from that fact: he had the ability to state, as well as to express, to divagate and pause as well as to drive on.

After *Pierre* and the consequent collapse of a shaky reputation, all Melville's hope of making a living by writing died, and much of the confidence in the gift and ambition died too. It was presumably then that Melville somehow determined that he would write his way into and out the other side of what we today would call an existential despair. He was not the last American writer to try that maneuver, and if today we may go along with the existential, up to a point, we know better than to call it despair. Whatever we may choose to call that state of his, Melville lived with it for 30 years and at the end came *Billy Budd*. In the meantime there were among others the *Piazza Tales*, above all *The Encantadas*, a remarkable series of pieces without parallel in our literature.

After the disastrous *Pierre*, could anyone have expected such a work as this? Here is Melville's personal style, idiom and attitude, at its best and most supple. Here we can see plain the emblematic imagination that he brought to bear on the "fallen world" of nature and men in nature. He had tried allegory in various shapes and sizes; he had, in *Pierre*, tried a mixture of fiction, allegory, satire and autobiography that satisfied his own craving for meaning as little as it flattered the critics' taste. *The Encantadas* abandons plot, characterization and drama in favor of description, statement—a kind of "witty" use of overtones of language and sound which combine in the making of emblems of moral, accidental and natural conduct. He invents here a kind of symbolism that might have fascinated later writers more than that of Poe—had they known of Melville's work. The different characters or figures who move through these 10 "sketches," exercises in the picturesque, are indeed emblems of conduct, Hart Crane's phrase.

These clinker islands, the Encantadas, or Galápagos, burnt-out, forbidding and sinister, become Melville's emblem of "no world but a fallen one"; supporting life grudgingly if at all—remote, dangerous and beautiful—they draw the imagination to themselves as their mysterious winds and currents draw resisting vessels. And whether Melville gives us his highly wrought picture of the doubly bereaved, enigmatic Hunilla

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or a humorous, reverberating image of the tortoise on the ship's deck unrelentingly pushing against the mast that bars its single track, always the emblems sink back into the one source that is Melville's quarrel, not with God but with himself. The islands that make up the Galápagos group may not be pandemonium, but Melville does see them as emblematic of nature's absolute indifference, man's natural depravity, and the gradations and variations he had himself perceived in his own career as man and writer: we survive precariously and at the expense of something or someone other, like the castaway sailor of "Sketch Tenth" who, in an agony of thirst, seizes on the first creature to hand, and sucks out its life to save his own: ". . . throwing himself upon the panting body [of a seal] [he] quaffed at the living wound; the palpitations of the creature's dying heart injected life into the drinker." An emblem of conduct with a vengeance! Again, Hunilla, brought back by her rescuers to the home whence she and her dead had come, looks down as she rides slowly away from the beholders, on "the jointed workings of the beast's armorial cross." Is the device of the cross merely heraldic? Has Hunilla in some sense taken on the suffering of man in the sense that Christ did? That she in full humility returns to the city "riding upon a small grey ass" may strike the reader as perhaps overdoing it a bit, but it bears out Melville's intention: that Hunilla should somehow signify absolute suffering and in so doing mark the consciences and sensibilities of the seamen who have rescued her. Though she herself is beyond salvation in this world, may her ordeal have emblematic meaning sufficient to change the lives of those who contemplate those things?

All these images come out of the writer's concern with the plight of the self and of the artist in a world which, if not actively hostile, might better be so. Surely there is a half-humorous yet wholly serious self-projection in the image of the tortoise forever butting his head against the mast. Portrait of the artist as young fool—and as middle-aged failure. His only recourse: to die there, or to be taken, killed and turned into soup, leaving his carapace for a tureen! Gruesome, funny, too, and one might say far-fetched if there were not all those exemplars from nature and humanity crowding the pages and all variations on the complex Melvillean theme: How can I go on living in this galley, chained to my oar?

To write great prose is not to broadcast but to speak person to person. The personal style, idiom, tone make the message. Yet here is a story, if that is what it is, about dead volcanic islands, if that is what they are. In "Sketch First" the imagery of hell or Tartarus—a reference point for Melville—dominates, even as he remembers the softer landscape of the Adirondacks, for he says that he "can hardly resist the feeling that in my time I have indeed slept upon evilly enchanted ground."

Encantadas. Enchantment. The tale is about spells cast by the islands upon men and one woman. And through it all crawls "the ghost of a gigantic tortoise with 'Memento xxx' burning in live letters upon his back." Death in live letters. "Sketch Second" gives us the lives of the tortoises themselves, those creatures that suggest to Melville the horror, venerability and awe of remote pasts and inscrutable purposes. They become emblems of endurance, instinct with purpose or intention beyond comprehension. They give Melville nightmares, but that does not keep him from eating them with relish or from making bowls of their shells. And why not? He had known a taste of success only to meet with rejection and failure, but did that mean that he could not rejoice in private—"be secret and exult"? "Sketch Third" takes us to the top of Rock Redondo, a crag often taken at a distance for a ship's sail, the home of thousands of sea birds, all strange, ghostly, alien to the landsman, their somber colors and sinister cries reinforcing the effect of dreariness. And into the midst of this sinister swarm Melville says there comes "a snow-white angelic thing . . . the beauteous bird from its bestirring whistle of musical invocation fitly styled the 'Boatswain's Mate.'" After this apotheosis, an echo from *Moby Dick*, Melville descends to the base of the rock where the fish school, prey of the ravenous birds: "Poor fish of Redondo . . . you are of the number of those who inconsiderately trust, while they do not understand, human nature." A piece of wry self-deprecation?

The fancy should seem dismal, yet it is immediately followed in "Sketch Fourth" with one of those pieces of historical-geographical-navigational fancy so dear to Melville's imagination and when they are right, so delightful to read for what they are in themselves and for the insight into the playfulness of one part of Melville's gift. The locale is still those dismal islands, yet we see them differently. Melville solemnly gives us the "population" of the island of Albemarle: men, anteaters, man-haters, lizards, snakes, spiders, salamanders, devils, making as he says "a clean total of 11,000,000." A sardonic satisfying of the taste for "stats." Melville knew well that such figures had for unimaginative people an absolute value, were to be loved for themselves alone. Humor would provide him with a way to get on with the job, though it might not get a response from the putative reader.

Thus far man has scarely appeared in the tale. He appears, and ironically as buccaneer, in "Sketch Sixth." The amenities of Barrington Isle Melville describes as not only "singularly adapted to careening, refitting, refreshing, and other seaman's purposes," but as a kind of idyllic retreat where enemies of society relaxed, singly and in company. "I cannot," says Melville, "avoid the thought that it is hard to impute the construction of these romantic seats to any other motive than one of pure peacefulness and kindly fellowship with nature." Someone had built these rustic stone seats with views commanding sea and islands. Who else but these Gilbertian buccaneers: Melville surely wants us to draw the conclusion not only that it takes all kinds, but that some buccaneers are more virtuous than "honest" men. The sketch ends with an extension of the thought expressed in "Sketch Third," that of the incomprehensibility of human nature: "Among these adventurers were some gentlemanly, companionable souls, capable of genuine tranquillity and virtue." Perhaps the tranquillity is the startling, pivotal, word. And its irony shows plain in the sketch that follows, in which we see a war of men against dogs and against their fellow men. The captain warns his third mate not to think the light that shows from the island is a signal from helpless shipwrecked men: it is a false light set by wreckers: "It tempts no wise man to pull off and see what's the matter, but bids him steer small and keep offshore. . . ."

Not for Melville the illusion that mere man can cure or shun evil by ignoring its existence. This captain is no Captain Delano—he knows that wickedness is no Calvinist fancy: "Brace up, Mr. Mate, and keep the light astern." But this vessel is a merchant vessel—not IN-

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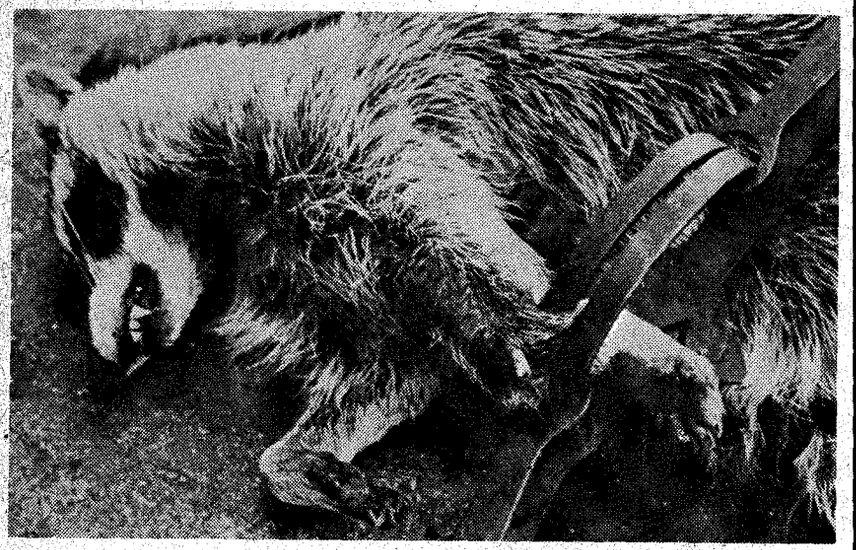

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To whatever degree Melville may have allowed sentimentalities to infect his true feeling toward Hunilla, there is no false note in the almost burlesque comedy of Oberlus, the murderous "hermit" of Hood's Isle, an outcast who has all the qualities of a small-town capitalist, from false friendship to savagery. He is the finest kind of emblem, digging among his clinkers with his back turned on his interlocutor, at a loss whether to seal a bargain or a fate. He is the true misanthrope. Not content to avoid men, he must force himself and his sinister habits on the innocent seamen who come to him for supplies. His instinct is murderous and destructive, in strong contrast to the buccaneers whose natures are free and open, and who, though guilty of a bit of violence and rapine here and there, run an honest business in their way and are the best of company. Oberlus is cursed by God and a bad temper. Mel-

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ville sees him as a figure of fun, the devil not so much sick as psychotic.

The Encantadas is a fine introduction to the best of Melville's work. If only he could have written it instead of *Pierre!* Most people are not Melville nuts or scholars. Only a mother (whose?) could love Pierre or *Pierre*—except in parts, as the curate said of the egg. That obligatory novel Melville wrote when and as he had to and we know the price he paid for the tactical error. If there is not the kind of "topgallant delight" in these sketches that is in *Moby Dick*, there is all the pleasure, humor and artistry—with a touch of pathos—of the main deck. It is art, a thing fully made for pleasure, reflection and remembering.

Louis Coxe

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

or as moral allegory, the whole work is linear and mechanical. (And the use of animal butchering—a pig, in this case—as a symbol of brutality is both trite and untrue. Plenty of broad-minded and humane people eat meat, and some of them slaughter animals on farms.)

Alain Derobe's black-and-white photography is highly sensitive. The direction by Peter Fleischmann is only adequate. I have seen better use of cruel, time-trapped peasant faces in the Czech film *Diamonds in the Night*, made 10 years ago by Jan Nemec.

Two valuable new film books, related to each other, come from Farrar, Straus and Giroux. First is an autobiography: *Billy Bitzer: His Story*. Bitzer was one of the first American cameramen, who was working in films a dozen years before D. W. Griffith, was Griffith's collaborator through the whole Biograph period from 1908 to 1913, went to Hollywood with Griffith, then back with him to Mamaroneck. He worked steadily with Griffith until 1924 and sporadically with him thereafter.

This manuscript was written in 1939 (Bitzer died in 1944) and has now been edited unobtrusively, just for style, and published. The book tells us some things we didn't know before, and even when it covers familiar material does so with a presence and from a point of view that extend the subject. When he began with the American Mutoscope Company (forerunner of Biograph), Bitzer was projectionist as well as cameraman. His account of how he operated the seven-foot-tall, coffin-shaped projector at the first Mutoscope theatrical exhibition in New York, in 1896, is like a combination of Rube Goldberg and W. C. Fields at his most harried. After two pages of description of the huge clumsy apparatus, which kept both his hands constantly busy, Bitzer says, "If [the film] tried to creep toward the edge of the feeder pulley, I would give it a push back with my forehead or nose."

Newsreel, or documentary, work was his first major assignment, and he gives a vivid little sketch of his visit to Canton, Ohio, to photograph McKinley receiving the notification of his presidential nomination. Later he rode in a police van in the inaugural parade, shooting film.

Bitzer gives some technical details of his experiments and innovations as the years went on, and also describes the accidents that led to his discovery of the iris shot and soft focus. He supplies lots of color about the periphery of filmmaking in those days (lunches and transportation and favorite bars), together with some data on his personal life. And he also adds to what we know of Griffith's personal life from Mrs. Griffith's *When the Movies Were Young* and Lillian Gish's autobiography.

One carping note: Bitzer's text is not long; there are many illustrations. Couldn't some of the better-known photographs have been omitted so the book could have been priced at less than $10?

Along with Bitzer's book the same firm is publishing *Biograph Bulletins 1908-1912*. These bulletins were broadsides printed to advertise the films—to distributors, principally; each one has a photo and a plot synopsis.

This large book (8¾ × 11½; $30) contains 457 bulletins, plus addenda, a complete set dating from Griffith's first film, *The Adventures of Dollie*. And there is an added feature, noted by Eileen Bowser in her introduction. For this book the publisher used the set (one of the few complete ones) owned by the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art in New York—the set annotated by Billy Bitzer when he worked there in 1939-40. In the early Biograph days, actors were not identified in films, and Bitzer went through this set scrawling in names on the pictures as he remembered them, or thought he did. Many omissions and some (admitted) mistakes, but it's nice to have a set commented on by the cameraman who made the films. Essential for film libraries and scholars.

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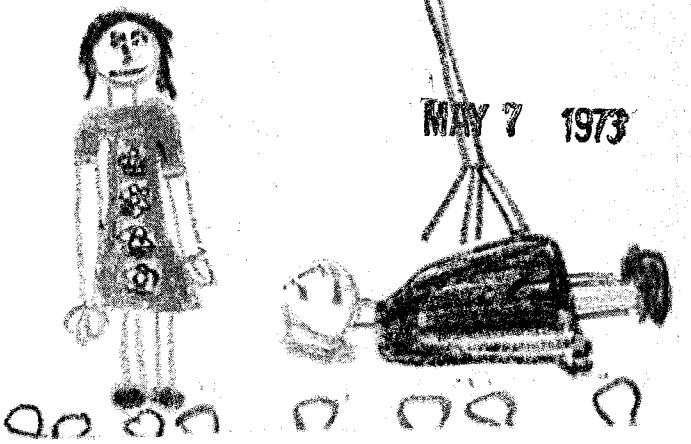
CLASSROOM TV SHOW BANNED IN BOSTON

Not all instructional television is as dull as it used to be



On TV screens in thousands of classrooms this January, 8-to-10-year-old pupils will see a small drama about a little girl their age who loses her grandmother. Some of the action:

As relatives gather for the funeral, Linda and her cousins play in the family's front yard. One game is "Bang, bang, you're dead!" Linda gets "shot," falls to the ground and lies motionless a few moments, briefly alarming her playmates. Later her parents try to explain to her what it means to die. She asks them, "Are *you* going to die?" "Some day," her mother answers gravely. At the graveside, Linda hears the minister intone, "There is a time to live and a time to die."

Could be an episode of *As the World Turns*? Or *Edge of Night*?

Could be. But it's actually a 15-minute film produced by public-TV station KETC in St. Louis. It is part of a 30-episode educational TV series to be distributed in the U.S. and Canada by the National Instructional Television Center of Bloomington, Ind.

Classroom TV, often disparaged in academic and TV circles as a glittering promise that never got beyond mediocrity, is still around. It is, in fact, alive and well in many communities, and actually looking a little healthier.

It's a shoestring operation, to be sure, getting little aid from big government and philanthropic spenders, partly because Uncle Sam has never seen fit to make televised teaching a major funding beneficiary and partly because local school boards are too harried by rising educational costs to shell out much money for what seems to them a teaching frill.

Still, a few agencies like NIT are managing to crank out moderately successful contributions to a growing library of ETV materials. Founded in 1965 with Federal assistance, the center is now a self-supporting operation with nearly 700 hours of ETV programming available on a rental basis to the country's 210-or-so public-TV stations. Each year NIT assembles a consortium of underwriters to produce a new series of programs. The 31 participating sponsors include state departments of education, ETV networks and commissions, and Canada's Province of Ontario.

Costing a mere $600,000—roughly the amount a big commercial network spends for two runs of a prime-time movie—*Inside/Out*, as the forthcoming 30-episode series is called, is described by NIT as "the most extensive project ever undertaken in North American classroom television." (*Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* are not in the same category because they are designed primarily for at-home rather than in-school viewing, although both are seen in many schools.)

Inside/Out is more ambitious than earlier NIT projects in several respects. Through little slice-of-life vignettes (such as one called "Must I/May I," picturing situations in which children struggle with their sense of responsibility), the programs will seek to provide a framework for classroom discussions of children's social, emotional and physical concerns. Months of research into schoolroom needs, according to Kent Owen, one of NIT's publications editors, found students and teachers "bored to death with blood and bones, things with no direct bearing on the children's lives," and crying out for ways to "feel through" children's inner feelings. *Inside/Out*, Owen believes, "is going to open up discussions in classrooms as they've never been opened up before. We're not dismissing the need for cognitive materials, but simply trying to deal with human feelings for a change."

The idea has brought educators running, the NIT official claims. "We didn't have to go out and twist arms on this one. The agencies and states came rushing in to participate." An unexpected windfall came from Exxon: a $200,000 grant to NIT to pay for printing and distribution of teacher guides and classroom aids.

Sample programs for the series have been field-tested in 10 localities, from Salem, Ore., and Fresno, Cal., to St. Louis, Chicago, Toronto and Boston. Altogether, 4000 children viewed five test shows.

The academic acceptance apparently has been exceptional. "We're flabbergasted at the enthusiastic response by the teachers," Owen reports. He admitted that some Boston schoolmarms had found the episode on death "inappropriate" and said they would not show it to their pupils. "Actually we're encouraged," the NIT man laughed, "to think we could produce something that would be 'banned in Boston'."

Assignments to produce shows for the series were parceled out by NIT to WNVT, the Northern Virginia Educational Television station in Annandale; WVIZ, the metropolitan Cleveland ETV station; the Kentucky Educational Television Network; St. Louis's KETC-TV; and the Ontario Educational Communications Authority. Dr. Orvis Harrelson, health-services director for the Tacoma, Wash., public schools, is serving as chief consultant.

The participating agencies have put up $450,000. NIT will try to get back the remaining $150,000 in fees from stations. Edwin Cohen, NIT's executive director, believes every public-TV station in the U.S. with daytime school service—a handful do not air such programming—will carry *Inside/Out*.

Is there some way NIT will have of gauging the classroom impact of the programs? "Oh, yes," Cohen reported. "The consortium members keep a close eye on how the programs are used in the classrooms and get back reports from teachers. You might say we have our own form of Nielsen ratings."

And NIT is confident, he implied, that *Inside/Out* is going to be ETV's 1973 hit show. (END)

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